

English Reprints

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, Esquire

1. Certayne Notes of Instruction in English Verse

1575

2. The Steele Glas

[Commenced April 1575 Finished April 1576]
April 1, 1576

3. The Complaynt of Philomene

[Commenced April 1562 Continued in April 1575 Finished 3 April 1576]
April 1576

PRECEDED BY

GEORGE WHETSTONE'S
A Remembrance of the well employed Life, and
godly end of George Gascoigne Esquire, etc.

[Ent. Stat. Hall 11 Nov. 1577]

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CHRONICLE

(to be taken in connection with Whetstone's *Remembrance*, at pp 15-20)
of

some of the principal events

in the

LIFE, WORKS, and TIMES
of

GEORGE GASCOIGNE Esquire,
Courtier, Soldier, Poet

* Probable or approximate dates.

1509. Apr 22. Henry VIII begins to reign.

* 1535-37

Youth

GEORGE GASCOIGNE was the son and heir of Sir J Gascoigne, p 18. The date or place of his birth is not known. If it might be safely assumed that he was somewhat over 20 years of age when he entered Gray's Inn in 1555, that would confirm the otherwise unsupported statement, that he was only 40 years when he died.

Gascoigne himself tells Queen Elizabeth [see 1576] that he had 'Suche Englishe as I stale in westmeland' From which it is inferred he was either born or bred in that county.

1547. Jan. 29. Edward VI ascends the throne.

At Cambridge

He goes to Cambridge 'Such lattyn as I forgatt at Cambridge,' [see 1576]

Pray for the nources of our noble Realme
I mean the worthy Vniuersities,
(And Cantabrigge, shal haue the dignitie,
Whereof I was vnworthy member once) p 77.

1553. July 6 Mary succeeds to the throne.

A member of Gray's Inn.

Harl. MS 1912, is a nominal index of the Registers of all 'Admittances,' 'Ancients,' and 'Barresters' in the Society of Gray's Inn, down to 1671, together with a digest of such orders of the society which were looked upon as precedents. In the 16th century, four gentlemen of the name of Gascoigne were admitted into the society. John in 1536 [admitted to ye degree of Ancient, 24 May 1552; fol 195], George in 1555, Edward in 1584, and John in 1590, fol 33. None of these occur in the list of 'Barresters.'

1555. George Gascoigne admitted to Grays Inn 43 admitted in the same year *Harl. MS 1912, fol 33*

1557 May 24 Among the names of 'Ancients' called on 24 May, 1557, is that of 'Gascoigne,' *Idem, fol. 204*

1558. Nov 17 Elizabeth begins to reign.

'The lost time of my youth mispent,' p. 42. 'Dismis-
herited,' p 17

1562 Apr Gascoigne begins 'to devise' *The Complaint of Philo-
mene* 'riding by the high way betwene Chelmsford and
London, and being overtaken with a sodaine dash of
Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the *De-
profundis* which is placed amongst my other *Poesies*,
leaving the complaint of *Phylomene* unfinished' pp 86, 119
In *The introduction to the Psalme of De profundis* which

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with the Psalm itself, is included in Gascoigne's *Flowers*, are the following lines

The Skies gan scowle, o'recast with misty clowdes,
When (as I rode alone by London waye,
Cloakelesse, vnclad) thus did I sing and say :

Why doe not I my very muse's frame
(Although I bee well soused in this shou're,) . . .

To write some verse in honour of his name?

Among the precedental orders relating to 'Ancients,' at the end of *Hart M.S.* 1572, is the following

1555 Mr Barkinge, Mr. Brand, Geo Gascoigne, Tho Michelborne, and William Clopton beinge called
1561 Ancients as of ye former Call paid their respective
1565 fines for their Vacacions past to compleate ye num-
1567 ber of nine Vacacions of ye said former call, fol 238.

1565.

Gascoigne pays the above fines In his *Flowers*, are *Gascoignes Memories*, written vpon this occasion. Hee had (in mydest of his youth) determined to abandone all vaine delights and to returne vnto Greyes Inne, there to vndertake againe the studdie of the common Lawes And being required by ffe sundry Gentlemen to write in verse somewhat worthye to bee remembred before he entered into their fellowshippe, hee compiled these ffe sundrie sortes of metre vppon ffe sundrye theames, which they deluered vnto him, and the first was at request of Frauncis Kinwelmarshe who deluered him this theame. *Audaces fortuna innat.* . . . The next was at request of Antony Kinwelmarshe, who deluered him this theame, *Satis sufficit* . . . John Vaughan deluered him this theame. *Magnum vectigal parcimonia* . . . Alexander Neule deluered him this theame, *Sat cito si sat bene*, wherevpon he compiled these seuen Sonets in sequence, therein bewraying his owne *Nimus cito*. and therewith his *Vix bene*. Richard Courtope (the last of the ffe) gaue him this theame *Durum anuum et miserabile axum* . . . And thus an ende of these ffe Theames, admouting to the number of CCLVIII. verses, deuised ryding by the way, writing none of them vntill he came at the ende of his Journey, the which was no longer than one day in ryding, one daye, in taryng with his friend, and the thirde in returning to Greyes Inne and therefore called Gascoigne's memories *Posies*, 1575

1565. Apr. 26

Date of his dedication of 'The Glasse of Government' A tragical Comedie, first printed in 1576 'A piece in a dramatic form, the body of which is in prose, although it has four choruses and an epilogue in rhyme, besides two didactic poems in the third act.' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet* iii. 7.

1566.

Two plays are represented at Gray's Inn in this year
(1) *The Supposes*—translated by Gascoigne from Ariosto's *Gli Suppositi*, Venice, 1525—the earliest 'existing specimen of a play in English prose acted, either in public or private' *Collier, Hist. Dram. Poet* iii. 6.

(2) *Focasta*—adapted from the *Phenissa* of Euripides—'the second dramatic performance in our language in blank verse, and the first known attempt to introduce a Greek play upon the English stage' *Collier, Idem* p 8 Gascoigne contributes Acts ii, iii, v ; F. Kinwelmarsh, Acts i and iv, and C, afterwards Sir C, Velverton, the Epilogue Each Act was preceded by a dumb show. The Autograph copy of this play is in the *Gulford MS*

In this year also was published *The French Littleton*.

Nevly set forth by C. Holiband [*i.e.* Desainliens], teach
ing in Paules Church yarde, by the signe of the Lucrece
London, 1566." At the beginning is what is apparently
Gascoigne's first published verse,

George Gascoigne Squire in commendation of this booke

The pearl of price, whiche englishmen haue sought
So farre abrode, and cost them there so dere
Is now founde out, within our contrey here
And better cheape, amongst vs may be bought
I meane the frenche . that pearle of pleasant speeche
Which some sought far, and bought it with their liues
With sickenesse some, yea some with bolts and gyues
But all with payne, this peerlesse pearle did seeche.
Now *Hollyband* (A frendly frenche in deed)
Hath tane such payne, for euerie english ease
That here at home, we may this language learme :
And for the price, he craueth no more neede
But thankful harts, to whom his perles my please
Oh thank him then, that so much thank doth earne
Tam Marti quam Mercurio

Marries

Goes a journey into the West of England.

Gascoigne's Woodmanship Written to the L Grey of
Wilton vpon this occasion, the sayd L. Grey delighting
(amongst many other good qualities) in chusing of his
winter deare, and killing the same with his bovve, did
furnishe master Gascoigne with a croisebowe *cum Pertinencys* and vouchsafed to vse his company in the said
exercise, calling him one of his wodmen Now master
Gascoigne shooting very often, could neuer hitte any
deare, yea and often times he let the heard passe by as
though he had not seene them Whereat when this noble
Lord tooke some pastime, and had often put him in re-
membrance of his good skill in choosing, and readinesse
in killing of a winter deare, he thought good thus to excuse
it in verse [This poem was published in 1572]

Is published Gascoigne's first book, *A Hundreth sundrie Floures bound up in one small Poesie* respecting
which he afterwards says " It is verie neare two yeares
past, since (I being in Hollande in seruice vvith the
vertuous Prince of Orange) the most part of these Posies
were imprinted. . . . I neuer receyued of Printer, or
of anye other, one grote or pennie for the firste Copyes
of these Posies True it is that I vvas not vn willinge the same
shoulde be imprinted " for which he .ssign, four reasons
1st Pref to 'Posies,' 1575.

In the dedication to Lord Grey of Wilton, of a poem
entitled *The frutes of Warre*, 'begon at *Dele in Hol-
lande*', Gascoigne says 'I am of opinion that long before
this time your honour hath throughly perused the booke,
which I prepared to bee sent vnto you somewhat before
my comming hyther, and therewithall I doe lykewise
connectour that you haue founde therein just cause to
to laugh at my follies forepassed This first edition was
therefore prepared and anonymously published by its
author, not surreptitiously by the printer as sometimes
supposed.

O. G. G[ilchrist] in *Cens. Lit i. 110—112*. Ed. 1805, has
gleaned from his works, the following account of Gas-
coigne's trip abroad.

" He afterwards entered at Grays Inn for the purpose

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of studying the law. The connexions which his situation now procured him drew him to court, where he lived with a splendour of expence to which his means were inadequate, and at length being obliged to sell his patrimony (which it seems was unequal) to pay his debts, he left the court and embarked on the 10th of March, 1572, at Gravesend, the next day he reached the ship and embarked for the coast of Holland. The vessel was under the guidance of a drunken Dutch pilot who, from inexperience and intoxication, ran them aground, and they were in imminent danger of perishing. Twenty of the crew who had taken to the long boat were swallowed by the surge, but Gascoigne and his friends (Rowland) Voake and Herle resolutely remained at the pumps, and by the wind shifting they were again driven to sea. At length

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum, they landed in Holland, where Gascoigne obtained a captain's commission, under the gallant William Prince of Orange, who was then (successfully) endeavouring to emancipate the Netherlands from the Spanish yoke. In this service he acquired considerable military reputation, but an unfortunate quarrel with his colonel retarded his career. Conscious of his deserts he repaired immediately to Delf, resolved to resign his commission to the hands from which he received it, the Prince in vain endeavouring to close the breach between his officers.

While this negotiation was mediating, a circumstance occurred which had nearly cost our poet his life. A lady at the Hague (then in the possession of the enemy) with whom Gascoigne had been on intimate terms, had his portrait in her hands (his "counterfayt," as he calls it), and resolving to part with it to himself alone, wrote a letter to him on the subject, which fell into the hands of his enemies in the camp, from this paper they meant to have raised a report unfavourable to his loyalty, but upon its reaching his hands Gascoigne, conscious of his fidelity, laid it immediately before the prince, who saw through their design, and gave him passports for visiting the lady at the Hague. The burghers, however, watched his motions with malicious caution, and he was called in derision "The Green Knight." Although disgusted with the ingratitude of those on whose side he fought, Gascoigne still retained his commission, till the prince, coming personally to the siege of Middleburg, gave him an opportunity of displaying his zeal and courage, when the prince rewarded him with 300 guilders beyond his regular pay, and a promise of future promotion. He was (however) surprised soon after by 3000 Spaniards when commanding, under Captain Sheffield, 500 Englishmen lately landed, and retired in good order, at night, under the walls of Leyden; the jealousy of the Dutch then openly was displayed by their refusing to open their gates; our military band with his band were in consequence made captives. At the expiration of twelve days his men were released, and the officers, after an imprisonment of four months, were sent back to England."

1575. Feb.

He published '*The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esquire;*' Corrected, perfected, and augmented by the Author, [1st Dedication dated 'last wye of Ianuarie' 1574-5: 2nd Dedication dated Jan. 2.] It consists of 3 prefaces: and 4 parts, FLOWERS, HERBS, WEEDS, and the NOYES OF INSTRUCTION. In the second preface, he thus explains the three principal divisions. "I haue here presented you

with three sundrie sorts of Posies : *Floures, Herbs* and *Weedes*. . . . I terme some Floures, bycause being indeede inuented vpon a verie light occasion, they haue yet in them (in my judgement) some rare inuention and Methode before not commonly vsed. And therefore (beeing more pleasant then profitable) I haue named them Floures. The seconde (being indeede moral discourses and reformed inuentions, and therefore moe profitable then pleasant) I haue named Hearbes. The third (being Weedes, might seeme to some iudgements neither pleasant nor yet profitable, and therefore meete to bee cast awaie. But as manie weedes are right medicinable, so you may finde in this none so vile, or stinking, but that it hath in it some vertue if it be rightly handled." He thus concludes the third, *To the Reader* "I pray thee to smell vnto these Posies, as *Floures to comfort, Herbes to cure, and Weedes to be auoyded*. So haue I ment them, and so I beseech thee Reader to accept them."

1575 April

1575.

1575. July 9-27.

Leading a literary life.

Sept. 11.

The Queen continuing her progress, arrives at Woodstock, and is greeted with Gascoigne's *The tale of Hemetes*.

1576 Jan 1.

He presents, as a New Year's gift, to Queen Elizabeth, and apparently in his own handwriting the manuscript of *The tale of Hemetes the hermyte pronounced before the Queenes Majestye att Woodstocke*. This is now in the British Museum MS. Reg. 18 A. xlvi, p. 27. The frontispiece is a finished drawing representing the presentation of his work. Then comes, in English verse, the Dedication, 1 p. after which is an English address 'to the Queenes most excellent Majestye', 8 pp. Then follows the tale in four languages. English, 9 pp., Latin, 15 pp., Italian 15 pp., French 13 pp.; concluding the whole with Epilogismus, 1 p.

1576. Apr. 3.

1576. Apr. 12.

In his address at fol 6 of the book, he says, 'But yet suche Itallyan as I haue learned in London, and such Iatyn as I forgott att Cambridge, such frenche as I borrowed in Holland, and such Englyshe as I stale in westermerland, even such and no better (my worthy soueraigne haue I poured forth before you,' &c.

He finishes *The Complaint of Philomene* p. 119. Apparently in the same month, he finishes *The Steele Glas*, the dedication of which is dated Apr. 15.

In an Epistle dated 'From my lodgynge, where I march amongst the Muses for lacke of exercise in martial exploytes, the 12 of April, 1576 to A Discourse of a new Passage to Cataia. Written by Sir Humfrey Gilbert, Knight, Quid non?' Gascoigne gives the following account of his publication of this Letter to Sir John Gilbert, dated 'the last of June, 1566.' and therein incidentally reveals his relationship to Sir Martin Frobisher:

You must herewirth understand (good Reader) that the author haunge a worshipfull Knight to his brother, who abashed at this enterprise (aswell for that he himselfe had

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none issue, nor other heier whome he ment to bestow his lands vpon, but onely this Authour, and that this voyage the seemed strang and had not beeene commonly spoken before, as also because it seemed vnpossible vnto the common capacities) did seeme partly to mislike his resolutions, and to disuade him from the same. there-upon he wrote this Treatise vnto his saide Brother, both to excuse and cleare himselfe from the note of rashnesse, and also to set downe such Authorities, reasons, and experiences, as had chiefly encouraged him vnto the same, as may appear by the letter next following, the which I haue here inserted for that purpose. And this was done about vii yeares now past, sithence which time the originally copies of the same haue lien by the authour as one rather dreading to hazarde the Iudgement of curious perusers then greedie of glorie by hasty publication

Now it happened that my selfe being one (amongst manie) beholding to the said *S. Humphrey Gilbert* for sundrie courtesies, did come to visit him in Winter last passed at his house in *Limehouse*, and beeinge verie bolde to demaunde of him howe he spente his time in this loytering vacation from marshall stratagemes, he curteously tooke me vp into his Studie, and there shewed me sundrie profitable and verie commendable exercises, which he had perfected painefullly with his owne penne. And amongst the rest this present *Discourse*. The which as well because it was not long, as also because I vnderstode that *M. Fourboiser* (a kinsman of mine) did pretend to trauaile in the same *Discouerie*, I craued at the said *S. Humfryes* handes for two or three dayes to reade and to peruse. And hee verie friendly granted my request, but stil seming to doubt that therby the same might, contrarie to his former determination be Imprinted.

And to be plaine, when I had at good leasure perused it, and therwirthall conferred his allegations by the *Tables of Ortelius*, and by sundrie other *Cosmographicaall Mappes* and *Charts*, I seemed in my simple judgement not onely to like it singularly, but also thought it verye meete (as the present occasion serueth) to gue it out in publike. Whereupon I haue (as you see) caused my friendes great trauaile, and mine owne greater presumption to be registered in print. [For which act, he offers five excuses]

In a dedication to the Francis, second Earl of Bedford [b 1528—d 1585], dated, 'From my lodging where I finished this trauayle in weake plighe for health as your good L well knoweth, this second day of Maye 1576,' Gascoigne writes,

(Not manye monethes since) tossing and retossing in my small Lybarie, amongst some bookees which h.d not often felte my fyngers endes in xv yeares before, I chaunced to light vpon a small volume sl a ce comely couered, and wel worse handled. For to tell a truth vnto your honour, it was written in an old kynd of Characters, and so torne as it neyther had the beginnyng perspycuous, nor the end perfect. So that I cann't certynly say who shuld be the Author of the same. And therevpon haue translated and collected into some ordre these sundry parcels of the same. The whiche . . . I haue thought meete to entitle *The Drome of Doomes daye*. [The work is divided into three parts, *The view of worldly Vanities*, *The shame of sinne*, *The Needels eye*.] Vnto these three parts thus collected and ordered I haue thought

1576. May 2.

good to add an old letter which teacheth *Remedies against the bitterness of Death.*"

[The unknown Latin work thus Englished by Gascoigne, was *De miseris humanae conditionis* of Lothario Conti, Pope Innocent III. [b. 1160—d. 16 July, 1216], which appeared in print so early as 1470, and was frequently reprinted.]

"While this worke was in the presse, it pleased God to visit the translatour thereof with sicknesse. So that being vnable himselfe to attend the dayly proofes, he apoynted a seruant of his to ouersee the same" *Printer to the Reader.*

1576. Aug. 22. He publishes *A delicate Diet for daintie mouthde Dronkards*

1577. Jan. 1. He presents the Queen with another poem, which is now in the British Museum *Reg. MS. 18 A. lxxi. p. 275* '*The Grief of Joy Certayne Elegies* wherein the doubtfull delightes of mannes lyfe are displaied' It is on 38 folios, 4to : each full page having three stanzas of 7 lines each. The royal titles and name are throughout written in gold. From the following portion of the dedication, it would appear that at this date he was in some way in the Queen's service.

"Towching the *Methode and Invention*, euen as Petrark in his woorkes *De remedys utriusque fortunae*, dothe recowmpt the vncerteine loyes of men in seuerall dialogues, so haue I in these *Elegies* distributed the same into sundrie songes and haue hetherto perfected but foure of the first, the which I humbly commend vnto your noble sensure and gracious correction. And therewithall I proffer in like manner that if your Maiestie shall lyke the woorke, and deeme yt worthy of publication I will then shrinke for no paynes vntill I haue (in suche songs) touched all the common places of mans perylous pleasures.

But without the confirmation of your fauorable acceptans (your Maiestie well knoweth) I will never presume to publishe any thing hereafter, and that being well considered (compared also with the vnspeakeable comfort which I haue conceiued in your Maiesties vndeserued fauor) may sufficientlie witnes without further triall, that doubtful greeues and greeuous doubtes, do often accompany our greatest joyes.

Howsoeuer it be, I right humbly beseeche youre heighnes to accept this Nifle for a new yeres gyfte . . . Whome God preserue thes first of January, 1577, and euer Amen."

After this come The Preface ; then the *l'envoie*; then the four Songs (1) *The greeues or discommodities of lustie youth*, (2) *The vanities of Bewtie*, (3) *The faults of force and Strength*, (4) *The vanities of Actirutes*, which terminates with "Left vnperfect for feare of Horsmen."

77. Oct. 7. George Gascoigne dies at Stamford, see Whetstone's *Remembrance*

O Gilchrist, in *Cens. Lit. ii* 238, states, "In order to ascertain if George Gascoigne was buried at Walthamstow, I went purposely to search the parish register, and found no entry anterior to 1650."

Mr. Gilchrist also informed Dr. Bliss "I have searched the registers of the six parishes for his interment without success. The result is this: Geo Whetstones had wealthy relations, possessors of the manor of Walcot (four miles

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distant from Stamford), which parishes to Bernack, where the family of Whetstones usually buried, and where a monument of the Elizabethan style of architecture still remains, and I conjecture that Geo. Gascoigne dying at Stamford was carried to Bernack by his friend Geo. Whetstones, . . . and interred there in the family vault. I haue endeavoured to ascertain this, but no old register of the parish of Bernack is to be found "—*Ath Oxon. n. 437. Ed 1813.*

The following criticisms were bestowed by contemporaries on our Author. J. WILLIAM WEBBE, in *A Discourse of English Poetrie*, writes.

Master George Gaskoyne a wyty Gentleman, and the very cheefe of our late rymers, who and if some partes of learning wanted not (albeit is well knowne he altogether wanted nct learning) no doubt would haue attayned to the excellencye of those famous Poets. For gyfts of wytt, and naturall promptnes appare in him abundantly. *Ed 1815, p. 34.*

2. GEORGE PUTTENHAM, in *The Arte of Englishe Poesie*, 1589, notices 'Gascon for a good meeter and for a plentiful wayne' *Book 1 p. 51.*

3. THOMAS NASH in a prefatory address 'To the Gentlemen Students' in R. Greene's *Menaphon*, 1589, writes,

Who euer my priuate opinion condemns as faultie, Master *Gascoigne* is not to bee abridged of his deserued esteeme, who first beat the path to that perfection which our best Poets haue aspired too since his departure; whereto hee did ascend by comparing the Italian with the English, as Tully did *Græca cum Latinis*.



THE STEELE GLAS, &c.

INTRODUCTION.

NE of the principal poets in the first half of Elizabeth's reign; one of our earliest dramatists; the first English satirist; and the first English critic in poesy: Gascoigne takes rank among the minor poets of England. An Esquire by birth, but an Esquire in good hap in life, he was also an Esquire in poetry.

No complete edition of his works has ever been published. Indeed copies of any of them, whether original or reprinted, are not of frequent occurrence. Still less are his character and career known. There exist considerable materials in the numerous personal allusions in his works, in his praiseworthy habit of frequently dating them, and in contemporary writers, towards a worthy account of himself and his associates: which, from their very early date in the Queen's reign, and their connection with the then incipient stage of our Drama; could not fail to be new and interesting to English students. Meanwhile, to most readers, the name of George Gascoigne or of any of his productions, are alike unknown.

In our attempt to make the present series of works representative of English Literature, we now present three idiosyncratic specimens of Gascoigne's powers, as a poetical critic, as a satirist, and as an elegist. To these we have prefixed—accurately reprinted, it is to be hoped, this time—Whetstone's *Remembrance* of his life and death. a book once thought to have perished, and of which but a single copy now exists:—that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. A consideration of these four works in connection with his time, will doubtless create a favourable opinion both of the genius and character of George Gascoigne.

The earliest portion of the publications here reprinted, is the commencement of *The Complaint of Philomene*, begun in April 1562, on a journey on horseback from Chelmsford to London : wherein

as I rode by London waye,
Cloaklesse, vnclad.

he was ‘ouertaken with a sodaine dash of Raine,’ and well soufed in this showre.

he changed the subiect of his thought, and wrote the Psalm *De Profundis*, preserved in his *Flowers*.

The *Notes of instruction &c.*, must have been written between 1572—the date of his poem to Lord Grey of Wilton, entitled ‘Gascoigne’s Voyage into Holland, An. 1572,’ to which he alludes therein—and 1575, when he first published them in his *Posies*.

His old poem lay by him till April 1575, wnen, having just feen through the presf, the coorrected edition of his *Posies*, he begins *The Steele Glas* ‘with the Nightingales notes’ : and makes further progress in the Elegy.

Then comes absence from home during the summer, in connection with great literary occupation. He is away at Kenilworth devising *The Princely pleasures* : and afterwards at Woodstock preparing *The tale of Hemetes the hermit*. Then in the following winter, he goes on a visit to the unfortunate Sir Humphrey Gilbert, ‘at his house in Limehouse,’ and is in consequence led into the study of the North-west passage and ‘the Tables of Ortelius and fundrie other Cosmographical Mappes and Charts.’ So the two poems progresst together at intervals, and at last are simultaneously finished in April 1576.

The author calls *The Complaint*, ‘April showers’: Both the Satire and the Elegy may be said to be Spring songs. There resounds all through them the singing of birds. This discovers itself as much in the general imagery as in such passages as this.

In sweet April, the Messenger to May,
When hoonie drops, do melt in golden showres,
When euery byrde, records his louers lay,

And westerne windes, do foster forth our floures,
Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
To heare the descant of the Nightingale,
And as I stooode, I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much

p. 87.

In *The Steele Glas* however, Gascoigne has a serious purpose. As Whetstone reports.

(laboring stil, by paines, to purchase praise)

I wrought a Glasse, wherein eche man may see :
Within his minde ; what canckred vices be. p. 19.

It was a first experiment in English satire; and though it does not fang like Dryden's *Abſalom and Achitophel*: it is a vigorous effort in favour of truth, right, and justice. Its central thought and fancy are thus expressed :

is deade, and vaniſht long ago,
brought that Steele, both truſtie was and true,
And *The r*nd not, a foyle of contraries,
But shewde al things, euen as they were in deede.
In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
The christal glas, which glimfeth braue and bright,
And shewes the thing, much better than it is,
Beguyldē with foyles, of fundry ſubtil fightes,
So that they feeme, and couet not to be. p. 54

I haue prefumde, my Lord for to present
With this poore glasse, which is of truſtie Steele,
And came to me, by wil and teſtament
Of one that was, a Glaffemaker in deede.

Lucylus, this worthy man was namde,
Who at his death, bequeathd the christal glasse,
To ſuch as loue, to ſeme but not to be,
And vnto thoſe, that loue to ſee themfelues,
How foulē or fayre, foeuer that they are,
He gan bequeath, a glaffe of truſtie Steele,
Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
Bycauſe it shewes, all things in their degree.
And ſince myelfe (now pride of youth is paſt)
Do loue to be, and let al ſeeming paſſe,
Since I deſire, to ſee my ſelfe in deed,
Not what I would, but what I am or ſhould,
Therfore I like this truſtie glaffe of Steele. pp. 55, 56

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A REMEMBRANCE OF THE WEL IMPL oyED LIFE &c.

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I As a separate publication.

- 1 1577. London. *Editio princeps*. see title on opposite page. Edmond Malone has inserted the following note in the only extant copy, formerly his but now in the Bodleian 'This piece is of such rarity, that it was for near a century not supposed to exist. No other copy is known Bishop Tanner had one, but it has been long lost' W C Hazlitt, in *Handbook*, p 650, Ed. 1867, states 'The history of this book, of which it seems that only one copy has ever been seen, is rather curious It had been Bishop Tanner's, and was formerly with his books at Oxford, but had been missed for many years, when it occurred at the sale of Mr Voigt's [of the Custom House] books in 1806, and was bought by Malone for £42 10s 6d. With his library it returned to its old resting place'

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

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GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

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A REMEMBRANCE

of the wel imployed life, and godly end, of
George Gascoigne Esquire, who
deceasased at Stalmsford in Lin-
colne Shire the 7. of October.

1577.

The reporte of Geor. Whetstons
Gent. an eye witnes of his
Godly and charitable
end in this world.

Formæ nulla Fides.

IMPRINTED AT LON

don for Edward Aggas, dwelling
in Paules Churchyard and
are there to be sold.

*The wel imployed life, and godly end of
G. Gascoigne, Esq.*



Nd is there none, wil help to tel my tale !
who(ah)in helth, a thoufand plaints haue shone ?
feeleſ all men joy? can no man ſkil of bale?
o yes I fee, a comfort in my mone.
Help me good *George*, my life and death to touch
ſome man for thee, may one day doo aſmuch.

Thou feeft my death, and long my life didſt knowe,
my life: nay death, to lue I now begin :
But ſome wil ſay. *Durus eft hic fermo,*
Tis hard indeed, for ſuch as feed on fin.
Yet truſt me frends (though fleſh doth hardly bow)
I am resolu'd, I neuer lu'd til now.

And on what caufe, in order ſhall enſue,
My worldly life (is firſt) muſt play his parte :
Whofe tale attend, for once the fame is true,
Yea *Whetlon* thou, haſt knownen my hidden hart
And therfore I coniure thee to defend :
(when I am dead) my life and godly end.

First of my life, which ſome (amis) diſknewe,
I leue mine armes, my acts muſt blaſe the fame
Yet on a thorne, a Grape wil neuer growe, He was
no more a Churle, dooth breed a childe of fame. Sir John
but (for my birth) my birth right was not great G sonne
my father diſ, his forward ſonne defeat. and Heire
Disinherited.

This foward deed, could scarce my hart dismay,
 Vertue (quod I) wil see I shall not lacke:
 And wel I wot *Domini est terra,*
 Besides my wit can guide me from a wrack.
 Thus finding cause, to foster hye desire:
 I clapt on cost (a help) for to aspire.

But foolish man dect in my Pecocks plumes,
 my wanton wil commaunded strait my wit:
 Yea, brainfick I, was, drunk with fancies fumes,
 But, *Nemo sine crimine vivit.*
 For he that findes, himself from vices free
 I giue him leue, to throwe a stome at me.

It helps my prafe, that I my fault recite,
 The lost sheep found, the feast was made for ioy:
 Eul sets out good, as far as black dooth white
 The pure delight, is drayned from anoy.
 But (that in cheef, which writers shoule respect)
 trueth is the garde, that keepeth men vncheſt.

And for a trueth begilde with self conceit,
 I thought yat men would throwe rewards on me
 But as a fish, feld bites with out a baight,
 So none vnforſt, men needs will hear or fee.
 and begging futes, from dunghil thoughts proceed:
 the mounting minde, had rather sterue in need.

Wel leauē I hear, of thriftles wil to write,
 wit found my rents, agreed not with my charge:
 The sweet of war, fung by the carpet knight,
 In poste haste then ſhipt me in Ventures Barge.
 These lusty lims, *Saunce vſe* (quod, I) will rufte:
 That pitie were, for I to them muſt truſt.

Wel plaste at length, among the drunken Dutch,
 (though rumours lewd, impayred my desert) He serued
in Hol-
land.
 I boldely vaunt, the blast of Fame is fuch,
 As prooues I had, a foward sowrs hart.
 My slender gaine a further witnes is :
 For woorthiest men, the spoiles of war do mis.

Euen there the man, that went to fight for pence, Prisoner
in Hol.
 Cacht by fly hap, in prison vile was popt:
 Yeahad not woordes, fought for my liues defence, He had
the Latin,
Italian,
French,
and Dutch
languages.
 For all my hands, my breth had there been stopt
 But I in fine, did so perswade my foe :
 as (scot free) I, was homewards set to goe.

Thus wore I time, the welthier not a whit,
 Yet awckward chance, lackt force, to beard my hope
 In peace (quod I) ile trust unto my wit,
 the windowes of my muse, then straight I ope His
bookes
publ.
 And first I shewe, the trauail of such time :
 as I in youth, employd in loouing rime.

Some straight way faid (their tungs with enuy fret),
 those wanton layes, inductions were to vice :
 Such did me wrong, for (*quod nocet, docet*) Poyses.
 our neyghbours harms, are Items to the wife.
 And sure these toyes, do shewe for your behoof:
 The woes of louue, and not the wayes to loue.

And that the worlde might read them as I ment,
 I left this vaine, to path the vertuous waies : Glasse of
gouer-
ment.
 The lewd I checkt, in Glas of gouerment,
 And (laboring ful, by paines, to purchace praiſe)
 I wrought a Glasſe, wherin eche man may fee : Steele
Glasſe
 Within his minde, what canckred vices be.

The druncken soule, transfformed to a beast,
my diet helps, a man, again to make :
But (that which should, be praisd abooue the rest)
My Doomes day Drum, from sin dooth you awake
For honest sport, which dooth refresh the wit :
I haue for you, a book of hunting writ.

Diet for
drunkensDrum of
doomsday

Hunting

These few books, are dayly in your eyes,
Parhaps of woorth, my fame ahue to keep :
Yet other woorks, (I think) of more emprise,
Coucht close as yet, within my cofers sleep.
yea til I dy, none shall the same reuele :
So men wil say, that *Gafkoign* wrote of *Zeale*.

He hath
books to
publish

O *Enuy* vile, foule fall thee wretched fot,
Thou mortall foe, vnto the forward minde :
I curse thee wretch, the onely cause godwot,
That my good wil, no more account did finde.
And not content, thy self to doo me scar :
Thou nipst my hart, with *Spight*, *Suspect* and *Cure*.

And first of *Spight* foule *Enuies* poysoned pye,
To *Midas* eares, this As hath *Lyntius*, eyes : *Spight*.
With painted shewes, he heaues him self on hie,
Ful oft this Dolte, in learned authors pries,
But as the Drone, the hony huue, dooth rob:
with woorthy books, so deales this idle lob.

He filcheth tearms, to paint a pratling tung.
When (God he knowes) he knows not what he faies
And leſt the wife ſhould finde his wit but yung,
He woorks all means, their woorks for to dispraise.
To ſmooth his ſpeech, ye beaſt this patch doth crop
He ſhowes the bad, the writers mouthes to ſtop.

Ye worse then this, he dealeth in offence,
(Ten good turnes, he with silence striketh dead) ;
A slender fault, ten times beyond pretence,
This wretched *Spight* in euery place dooth spread.
And with his breth, the *Viper* dooth infect :
The hearers heads, and harts with false suspect.

Now of *Suspect* : the propertie to shewe, Suspect.
He hides his dought, yet stil mistrusteth more :
The man suspect, is so debard to knowe,
The cause and cure of this his ranckling fore.
And so in vain, hee good account dooth feek,
Who by this *Feende*, is brought into mislike.

Now hear my tale, or cause which kild my hart,
These priuy foes, to tread me vnder foot :
My true intent, with forged faults did thwart :
so that I found, for me it was no boot
to woork as Bees, from weeds, which hony dranes,
When Spiders turnd, my flowers vnto banes.

When my plain woords, by fooles misconfird were
by whose fond tales reward hild his hands back
To quite my woorth, a cause to fettle care :
within my breft, who wel deseru'd, did lack.
for who can brook, to see a painted crowe :
Singing a loft, when Turtles mourn belowe.

What man can yeld, to starue among his books, Care.
and see pied Doultes, vpon a booty feed ?
What honest minde, can liue by fau'ring looks,
and see the lewd, to rech a freendly deed ?
What hart can bide, in bloody warres to toile :
when carpet swads, deuour ye Soldiers spoile ?

I am the wretch, whom Fortune flirted soe,
 These men, were brib'd, ere I had breth to speak :
 Muse then no whit, with this huge ouerthowre,
 though cruffsing care, my giltles hart doth break
 But you wil say, that in delight doo dwell :
 my outward shewe, no inward greef did tel.

I graunt it true ; but hark vnto the rest,
 The Swan in songs, dooth knolle ner pasling bel :
 The Nightingale, with thornes against her brest
 when she might mourn, her sweetest layes doth yel
 The valiant man, so playes a pleasant parte :
 When mothes of mone, doo gnaw vpon his hart.

For proofe, my self, with care not so a feard,
 But as hurt Deere waile, (through their wounds alone)
 When stoutly they doo stand among yat heard.
 So that I saw, but few hark to my mone.
 made choise to tel deaf walles, my wretched plaint :
 in fight of men, who nothing seemd to faint.

But as oft vse, dooth weare an iron cote,
 as misfling drops, hard flints in time doth pearfe No Phis-
 By peece meales, care so wrought me vnder foot cion could
 but more then straunge is that I now rehearse, find out
 Three months I liued, and did digest no food : his greefe.
 when none by arte my sicknes vnderstood.

What helpeth then ? to death I needs must pine,
 yet as the horse, the vse of warre which knowes :
 If he be hurt, will neither winch nor whine,
 but til he dye, poste with his Rider goes.
 Euen so my hart, whilst lungs may lend me breth :
 Bares vp my limmes, who liuing go like death.

But what auailles, *Achilles* hart, to haue,
King *Creffus* welth, the fway of all the world :
The Prince, the Peere, so to the wretched flauie,
when death assaults, from earthly holdes are whord.
Yea oft he strikes ere one can stir his eye :
Then good you liue, as you would dayly dye.

You see the plight, I wretched now am in,
I looke much like a threshed ear of corne :
I holde a forme, within a wrimuled skin,
but from my bones, the fat and flesh is worne
See, see the man, late plesures Minion :
pinde to the bones, with care and wretched mone

See gallants see, a picture worth the fight,
(as you are now, my self was heertofore)
My body late, stuft ful of manly might,
As bare as *Job*, is brought to Death his doore.
My hand of late, which fought to win me fame :
Stif clung with colde, wants forse to write my name.

My legges which bare, my body ful of flesh,
Vnable are, to stay my bones vpright :
My tung (God wot) which talkt as one would wish,
In broken woords, can scarce my minde recite.
My head late stuft, with wit and learned skil :
may now conceiue, but not conuay my wil.

What say you freends, this sudain chaunge to see ?
You rue my greef, you doo like flesh and blood :
But mone your finnes, and neuer morne for me,
And to be plain, I would you vnderstood.
My hart dooth swim, in feas of more delight :
Then your who seems, to rue my wretched plight.

What is this world? a net to snare the foule,
 A mas of finne, a defart of deceit:
 A moments ioy, an age of wretched dole,
 A lure from grace, for flesh a toothsome baught.
 Vnto the minde, a cankerworm of care:
 Vnsure, vnust, in rending man his share.

A place where pride, oreruns the honest minde,
 Wheer richmen ioynes, to rob the shifles wretch:
 where bribing misfis, the judges eyes doo blinde,
 Where *Parasites*, the fattest crummes doo catch.
 Where good deserts (which chalenge like reward)
 Are ouer blowen, with blasts of light regard.

And what is man? Dust, Slime, a puf of winde,
 Conceiu'd in sin, plafte in the woorld with greef,
 Brought vp with care, til care hath caught his minde,
 And then (til death, vouchsafe him some releef)
 Day yea nor night, his care dooth take an end:
 To gather goods, for other men to spend.

O foolish man, that art in office plafte,
 Think whence thou cam'st, and whether ye shalt goe:
 The huge hie Okes, small windes have ouer cast,
 when slender reeds, in roughest wethers growe.
 Euen so pale death, oft spares the wretched wight:
 And woundeth you, who wallow in delight.

You lusty youths, that nurish hie desire,
 Abase your plumes, which makes you look so big:
 The Colliers cut, the Courtiars Steed wil tire,
 Euen so the Clark, the Parsons graue dooth dig.
 Whose hap is yet, heer longer life to win:
 Dooth heap (God wot) but forowe vnto finne.

And to be short, all sortes of men take heede,
the thunder boltes, the loftye Towers teare :
The lightninge flash, confumes the house of reed,
yea more in time, all earthly things will weare.
Sau only man, who as his earthly liuing is :
Shall liue in wo, orels in endles blis.

More would I say, if life would lend me space,
but all in vain : death waites of no mans will :
The tired Iade, dooth trip at euery pace,
when pampered horse, will praunce against the hil.
So helthfull men, at long discourses sporte:
When few woords, the sick, would fain reporte.

The best is this, my will is quickly made,
my welth is small, the more my conscience ease :
This short accompt (which makes me ill apaid)
my louing wife and sonne, will hardly please.
But in this case, so please them as I may :
These folowing woords, my testament do wray.

My soule I first, bequeath Almighty God,
and though my finnes are greuous in his sight : The
effect of
his wi.
I firmly trust, to scape his fyre rod,
when as my faith his deer Sonne shall recite.
Whose precious blood (to quench his Fathers ire)
Is sole the cause, that faues me from hel fire.

My Body now which once I decked braue
(from whence it cam) vnto the earth I giue :
I wish no pomp, the fame for to ingraue,
once buried corn, dooth rot before it liue.
And flesh and blood in this self forte is tryed :
Thus buriall cost, is (with out proffit) pride.

I humbly giue, my gratiouſ ſoueraign Queene
 (by feruice bound) my true and loyall hart :
 And trueth to ſay, a fight but rarely feene,
 as Iron greues from th'adamant to parte.
 Her highnes ſo, hath reaſt the Grace alone :
 To gain all harts, yet giues her hart to none.

My louing wife, whose face I fain would ſee,
 my loue I giue, with all the welth I haue :
 But fence my goods (God knoweth) but ſlender bee
 moft gratiouſ Queene, for Christ his fake I craue
 (not for any feruice that I haue doon)
 you will vouchſafe, to aid her and my Sonne.

Come, come deer Sonne, my bleſſing take in parte.
 and therwithall I giue thee this in charge :
 First ferue thou God, then vſe bothe wit and arte,
 thy Fathers det, of feruice to diſcharge.
 which (forſte by death) her Maieſtie he owes :
 beyond deſarts, who ſtill rewardes beſtowes.

I freely now all fortes of Men forgiue
 Their wrongs to me, and wiſh them to amend .
 And as good men, in charitie ſhould liue,
 I craue my faults may no mans minde offend.
 Lo heer is all, I haue for to bequeſt :
 And this is all, I of the world request.

Now farwell Wife, my Sonne, and Freends farwel.
 Farwell O world, the baignt of all abuse :
 Death where is thy ſting ? O Deuil where is thy hel ?
 I little forſe, the forſes you can vſe ;
 Yea to your teeth, I doo you both defye :
Vt effem Christo, cupio diffolui.

In this good mood, an end woorthy the shewe,
Bereft of speech, his hands to God he heau'd :
And sweetly thus, good *Gascoigne* went a *Dio*,
Yea with such ease, as no man there perceiu'd,
By strugling signe, or striuing for his breth :
That he abode, the paines and pangs of Death

Exhortatio.

His *Scan* is playd, you folowe on the act,
Life is but death, til flesh, and blood be slain : *Good men*
God graunt his woords, within your harts be paſt
As good men doo, holde earthly pleasures vain.
The good for ther needs, *Vtuntur mundo* :
And vſe good deeds, *Vt fruantur Deo*.

Contemne the chaunge, (vſe nay abuse) not God,
Through holy showes, this wordly muck to scratch :
To deale with men and Saints is very od. *Hypocrites*
Hypocrisie, a man may ouer catch.
But Hypocrite, thy hart the Lord dooth fee :
Who by thy thoughts (not thy words) wil iudge thee.

Thou iesting foole, which makſt at ſin a face,
Beware that God, in earnest plague thee not : *Careles huers*
For where as he, is coldeſt in his grace,
Euen there he is, in vengeance very hot.
Tempt not to far, the lotheſt man to fight :
When he is forſte, the luſtiest blowes dooth ſmift.

You Courtiers, check not, Merchants for their gain,
 you by your losse, do match with them in blame: Courtiers.
 The Lawyers life, you Merchants doo not staine,
 The blinde for slouth, may hardly check the lame.
 I meane that you, in Ballance of deceit : Merchants.
 wil Lawyers payze, I feare with ouer waight.

You Lawyers now who earthly Judges are, Lawyers.
 you shalbe judg'd, and therfore iudge aright :
 you count *Ignorantia Iuris* no bar,
 Then ignorance, your finnes wl not acquite.
 Read, read God's law, with which yours should agree :
 That you may iudge, as you would iudged bee.

You Prelats now, whose woords are perfect good,
 Make shewe in woorks, yat you your woords insue :
 A Diamond, holdes his vertue set in wood, Prelats.
 but yet in Golde, it hath a fresher hue,
 Euen so Gods woord, tolde by the Deuil is pure :
 Preacht yet by Saints, it doth more heed procure.

And Reader now, what office so thou haue,
 to whose behoofe, this breef discourse is tolde: Readers
 Prepare thy self, eche houre for the graue, in generalit.
 the market eats awel yong sheep as olde.
 Euen so, the Childe, who feares the smarting rod:
 The Father oft dooth lead the way to God.

And bothe in time, this wordly life shall leauue,
 thus sure thou art, but know'st not when to dye :
 Then good thou liue, least death doo the deceiue,
 as through good life, thou maist his force defye.
 For trust me man, no better match can make :
 Then leauue vnfure, for certain things to take.

Vivit post funera Virtus.

*An Epitaph, written by G. W. of the
death, of M. G. Gascoyne.*

For Gascoynes death, leue of to mone, or morne
You are deceiued, aliue the man is ful :
Aliue ? O yea, and laugheth death to scorne,
In that, that he, his fleshly lyfe did kil.

For by such death, tvvo lyues he gaines for one,
His Soule in heauen dooth liue in endles ioye
His vvoorthy vvoorks, such fame in earth haue sovvne,
As fack nor vvrack, his name can there destroy.

But you vvill say, by death he only gaines.
And hovv his life, vvould many stand in stead :
O dain not Freend (to counterchaunge his paynes)
If novv in heauen, he haue his earnest meade.
For once in earth, his toyle vvas passing great :
And vve deuourd the fvveet of all his fvveat.

FINIS.

Nemo ante obitum beatus.





¶ Certayne notes of Instruction.

*concerning the making of verse or
ryme in English, vvritten at the request
of Master Edouardo Donati.*

SIgnor *Edouardo*, since promise is debt, and you (by the lawe of friendship) do burden me with a promise that I shoulde lende you instructions towards the making of English verse or ryme, I will assay to discharge the same, though not so perfectly as I would, yet as readily as I may: and therwithall I pray you consider that *Quot homines, tot Sententiae*, especially in Poetrie, wherein (neuerthelesse) I dare not challenge any degree, and yet will I at your request aduenture to set downe my simple skill in such simple manner as I haue vsed, referring the same hereafter to the correction of the *Laureate*. And you shall haue it in these few poynts followyng.

THe first and most necessarie poynt that euer I founde meete to be considered in making of a delectable poeme is this, to grounde it upon some fine inuention. For it is not inough to roll in pleasant woordes, nor yet to thunder in *Rym*, *Ram*, *Ruff*, by letter (quoth my master *Chaucer*) nor yet to abounde in apt vocables, or epythetes, vnlesse the Inuention haue in it also *aliquid salis*. By this *aliquid salis*, I meane some good and fine devise, shewing the quicke capacite of a writer: and where I say some *good and fine inuention*, I meane that I would haue it both fine and good. For many inuentions are so superfine, that they are *Vix good*. And againe many Inuentions are good, and yet not finely handled. And for a general forwarning: what Theame soever you do take in hande, if you do handle it but *tangam in oratione*

perpetua, and neuer studie for some depth of deuise in ye Inuention, and some figures also in the handlyng thereof: it will appeare to the skilfull Reader but a tale of a tubbe. To deliuern vnto you generall examples it were almoste vnpossible, sithence the occasions of Inuentions are (as it were) infinite: neuerthelesse take in worth mine opinion, and perceyue my furder mea-
ning in these few poynts. If I should vndertake to wryte in prayse of a gentlewoman, I would neither praise hir christal eye, nor hir cherrie lippe, etc. For these things are *trita et obvia*. But I would either finde some supernaturall cause wherby my penne might walke in the superlatiue degree, or els I would vndertake to aunswere for any imperfection that shée hath, and therevpon rayse the prayse of hir commendation. Likewise if I should disclose my pretence in loue, I would eyther make a strange discourse of some intollerable passion, or finde occasion to pleade by the example of some historie, or discouer my disquiet in shadowes *per Allegoriam*, or vse the couertest meane that I could to anoyde the vncomely customes of common writers. Thus much I aduenture to deliuern vnto you (my freend) vpon the rule of Inuention, which of all other rules is most to be marked, and hardest to be prescibed in certayne and infallible rules, neuerthelesse to conclude therein, I would haue you stand most vpon the excellencie of your Inuention, and sticke not to studie deepeley for some fine deuise. For that beyng founde, pleasant woordes will follow well inough and fast inough.

2. Your Inuention being once deuised, take heede that neither pleasure of rime, nor varietie of deuise, do carie you from it: for as to vse obscure and darke phrases in a pleasant Sonet, is nothing delectable, so to entermingle merie iests in a serius matter is an *Indecorum*.

3. I will next aduise you that you hold the iust measure wherwith you begin your verse, I will not denie but this may feeme a preposterous ordre: but

bycause I couet rather to satiffie you particularly, than to vndertake a generall tradition, I wil not somuch stand vpon the manner as the matter of my precepts. I say then, remember to holde the same measure wherwith you begin, whether it be in a verse of sixe syllables, eight, ten, twelue, etc. and though this precept might seeme ridiculous vnto you, since euery yong scholler can conceiue that he ought to continue in the same measure wherwith he beginneth, yet do I see and read many mens Poems now adayes, whiche beginning with the measure of xiij. in the first line, and xiiij. in the seconde (which is the common kinde of verse) they wil yet (by that time they haue passed ouer a few verses) fal into xiiij. and fourtene, *et sic de similibus*, the which is either forgetfulnes or carelefnes.

4. And in your verses remembre to place euery worde in his natural *Emphasis* or sound, that is to say in such wise, and with such length or shortnesse, eleuation or depression of fillables, as it is commonly pronounced or vsed: to expresse the same we have three maner of accents, *gravis*, *lenis*, *et circumflexa*, the whiche I would english thus, the long accent, the short accent, and thatwhiche is indifferent: the graue / accent is marked by this caracte, / the light ac- _____ cent is noted thus, \ and the circumflexe or in- _____ different is thus signified ~: the graue accent _____ is drawen out or eleuate, and maketh that ~ fillable long wherevpon it is placed: the light accent is depressed or snatched vp, and maketh that fillable short vpon the which it lighteth: the circumflexe accent is indifferent, sometimes short, sometimes long, sometimes depressed and sometimes eleuate. For example of th' emphasis or natural sound of words, this word *Treasure*, hath the graue accent vpon the first fillable, whereas if it shoulde be written in this forte, *Treafire*, nowe were the seconde fillable long, and that were cleane contrarie to the common vse wherwith it is pronounced. For furder explanation hereof, note you that commonly now a dayes in english rimes (for I dare not cal them English

verses) we vse none other order but a foote of two fillables, wherof the first is depressed or made short, and the second is eleuate or made long: and that found or scanning continueth throughout the verse. We have vsed in times past other kindes of Meeters: as for example this following:



*No wight in this world, that wealth can attayne,
Vnleffe he beleue, that all is but vayne.*

Also our father *Chaucer* hath vsed the same libertie in feete and meafures that the Latinists do vse: and who fo euer do peruse and well consider his workes, he shall finde that although his lines are not alwayes of one selfe same number of Syllables, yet beyng redde by one that hath vnderstanding, the longest verse and that which hath most Syllables in it, will fall (to the eare) correspondent vnto that whiche hath fewest fillables in it: and like wise that whiche hath in it fewest syllables, shalbe founde yet to consist of woordes that haue fuche naturall founde, as may seeme equall in length to a verfe which hath many moe fillables of lighter accentes. And surely I can lament that wee are fallen into fuche a playne and simble manner of wryting, that there is none other foote vsed but one: wherby our Poemes may iustly be called Rithmes, and cannot by any right challenge the name of a Verse. But since it is so, let vs take the forde as we finde it, and lette me fet downe vnto you fuche rules and precepts that euen in this playne foote of two syllables you wreft no woorde from his natural and vſuall founde, I do not meane hereby that you may vse none other wordes but of twoo fillables, for therein you may vse discretion according to occasion of matter: but my meaning is, that all the wordes in your verfe be fo placed as the first fillable may found short or be depressed, the second long or eleuate, the third shorte, the fourth long, the fifth shorte, etc. For example of my meaning in this

point marke these two veries:



I understand your meanying by your eye.

Your meaning I understand by your eye.

In these two veries there seemeth no difference at all, sinc the one hath the very selfe same woordes that the other hath, and yet the latter verse is neyther true nor pleasant, and the first verse may passe the musters. The fault of the latter verse is that this worde *vnder-*
stand is therein so placed as the graue accent falleth upon *der*, and thereby maketh *der*, in this word vnder-
stand to be eleuated: which is contrarie to the naturall
or vsual pronunciation: for we say

vnder-
stand, and not *vnder-*
stand.

5. Here by the way I thinke it not amisse to forewarne you that you thrust as few wordes of many fillables into your verse as may be: and herevnto I might alledge many reasons: first the most auncient English wordes are of one fillable, so that the more monasyllables that you vse, the truer Englishman you shall feeme, and the lesse you shall smell of the Inkehorne. Also wordes of many syllables do cloye a a verie and make it vnpleasant, whereas woordes of one syllable will more easily fall to be shorte or long as occasion requireth, or wilbe adapted to become circumflexe or of an indifferent sounde.

6 I would exhorte you also to beware of rime without reason: my meaning is hereby that your rime leade you not from your firste Inuention, for many wryters when they haue layed the platforme of their inuention, are yet drawen sometimes (by ryme) to forget it or at least to alter it, as when they cannot readily finde out a worde whiche maye rime to the first (and yet continue their determinate Inuention) they do then eyther botche it vp with a worde that will ryme (howe small reason soever it carie with it) or els they alter

their first worde and so percase decline or trouble their former Inuention: But do you alwayes hold your first determined Inuention, and do rather searche the bottome of your braynes for apte words, than chaunge good reason for rumbling rime.

7 To help you a little with ryme (which is also a plaine yong schollers lesson) worke thus, when you haue set downe your first verse, take the last worde thereof and coumpt ouer all the wordes of the selfe same founde by order of the Alphabete: As for example, thelaste woorde of your firste line is *care*, to ryme therwith you haue *bare, clare, dare, fare, gare, hare, and share, mare, snare, rare, flare, and ware, &c.* Of all these take that which best may serue your purpose, caryng reasoun with rime: and if none of them will serue so, then alter the laste worde of your former verse, but yet do not willingly alter the meanyng of your Inuention.

8 You may vse the same Figures or Tropes in verse which are vsed in prose, and in my iudgement they serue more aptly, and haue greater grace in verse than they haue in prose: but yet therein remembre this old adage, *Ne quid nimis*, as many wryters which do know the vse of any other figure than that whiche is expressed in repeticion of fundrie wordes beginning all with one letter, the whiche (beyng modestly vsed) lendeth good grace to a verse: but they do so hunte a letter to death, that they make it *Crambé*, and *Crambe bis positum mors est*: therfore *Ne quid nimis*.

9 Alfo asmuche as may be, eschew straunge words, or *obsoleta et inusitata*, vnleffe the Theame do giue iust occasion: marie in some places a straunge worde doth drawe attentive reading, but yet I woulde haue you therein to vse discretion.

10 And asmuch as you may, frame your stile to *perspicuity* and to be sensible: for the haughty obscure verse doth not much delight, and the verse that is to easie is like a tale of a rosted horse: but let your Poeme be such as may both delight and draw attentiuе readyng, and therewithal may deliuer fuch matter as be worth the marking.

11. You shall do very well to vse your verse after th[e] englishe phrase, and not after the manner of other languages: The Latinists do commonly set the adiective after the Substantive: As for example *Femina pulchra, ædes altae, &c.* but if we should say in English a woman fayre, a house high, etc. it would haue but small grace: for we say a good man, and not a man good, etc. And yet I will not altogether forbiddit you, for in some places, it may be borne, but not so hardly as some vse it which wryte thus:

*Now let vs go to Temple ours,
I will go visit mother myne &c.*

Surely I smile at the simplicitie of such deuisers which might aswell haue sayde it in playne Englishe phrase, and yet haue better pleased all eares, than they satisfie their owne fancies by suche *superfinezze*. Therefore euen as I haue aduised you to place all wordes in their naturall or most common and vsuall pronunciation, so would I wishe you to fiamme all fentences in their mother phrase and proper *Idioma*, and yet sometimes (as I haue sayd before) the contrarie may be borne, but that is rather where rime enforceth, or per *licentiam Poëticam*, than it is otherwise lawfull or commendable.

12. This poetical licence is a shrewde fellow, and couereth many faults in a verse, it maketh wordes longer, shorter, of mo fillables, of fewer, newer, older, truer, falser, and to conclude it tuckene h all things at pleasure, for example, *ydone* for *done*, *ad wne* for *downe*, *orecome* for *overcome*, *tane* for *taken*, *pewer* for *powre*, *heauen* for *heavn*, *thewes* for good partes or good qualities, and a numbre of other whiche were but tedious and needeleffe to rehearste, since your owne iudgement and readyng will soone make you espie such aduaantages.

13 There are also certayne pauses or restes in a verse whiche may be called *Ceafures*, whereof I woulde be lothe to stande long, since it is at discretion of the wryter, and they haue bene first deuised (as should

feeme) by the Musicians : but yet thus much I will aduenture to wryte, that in mine opinion in a verse of eight fillables, the pause will stand best in the middest, in a verse of tenne it will best be placed at the ende of the first foure fillables : in a verse of twelue, in the midst, in verses of twelue in the firste and fouretene in the seconde, wee place the paufe commonly in the midst of the first, and at the ende of the first eight fillables in the second. In Rithme royall, it is at the wryters discretion, and forceth not where the pause be vntill the ende of the line.

14. And here bycause I haue named Rithme royall, I will tell you also mine opinion aswell of that as of the names which other rymes haue commonly borne heretofore. Rythme royall is a verse of tenne fillables, and seuen such veres make a staffe, whereof the first and thirde lines do aunswer (acrosse) in like terminations and rime, the second, fourth, and fifth, do likewise answere eche other in terminations, and the two last do combine and shut vp the Sentence : this hath bene called Rithme royall, and surely it is a royall kinde of verse, seruing best for graue discourses. There is also another kinde called Ballade, and thereof are fundrie sortes : for a man may write ballade in a staffe of sixe lines, euery line conteyning eighte or sixe fillables, whereof the firste and third, seconf and fourth do rime acrosse, and the fifth and sixth do rime together in conclusion. You may write also your ballad of tenne fillables rimyng as before is declared, but these two were wont to be most commonly vsed in ballade, which propre name was (I thinke) deriuied of this worde in Italian *Ballare*, whiche signifieth to daunce. And in deed those kinds of rimes serue beste for daunces or light matters. Then haue you also a rondlette, the which doth alwayes end with one self fame foote or repetition, and was thereof (in my iudgement) called a rondelet. This may consist of such measure as best liketh the wryter, then haue you Sonnets, some thinke that all Poemes (being short) may be called

Sonets, as in deede it is a diminutiuе worde deriuued of *Sonare*, but yet I can beste allowe to call those Sonnets whiche are offouretenelynes, eueryline conteyning tenne syllables. The firste twelue do ryme in staues of foure lines by crosse meetre, and the last two ryming togither do conclude the whole. There are Dyzaynes, and Syxaines which are of ten lines, and of fixe lines, commonly vsed by the French, which some Engles writers do also terme by the name of Sonetter. Then is there an old kinde of Rithme called *Vish layes*, deriuued (as I haue redde) of this worde *Verd* whiche betokeneth Greene, and *Laye* which betokeneth a Song, as if you would say greene Songs: but I muste tell you by the way, that I neuer redde any verse which I saw by aucthoritie called *Verlay*, but one, and that was a long discourse in verses of tenne fillables, whereof the foure first did ryme acrosse, and the fifth did aunswere to the firste and thirde, breaking off there, and so going on to another termination. Of this I could shewe example of imitation in mine own verses written to ye right honorable ye Lord *Grey* of *VVilton* upon my iourney into *Holland*, etc.* There are also certainte Poemes deuived of tenne syllables, whereof the first aunswere in termination with the fourth, and the second and thirde answere eche other: these are more vsed by other nations than by vs, neyther can I tell readily what name to giue them. And the commonest sort of verse which we vse now adayes (*viz.* the long verse of twelue and fourtene fillables) I know not certainly howe to name it, vnlesse I should say that it doth consist of Poulters measure, which giueth. xiij. for one dozen and xiiij. for another. But let this suffise (if it be not to much) for the fundrie sortes of verses which we vse now adayes.

15 In all these sortes of verses when soeuer you vndertake to write, auoyde prolixitie and tediousnesse, and euer as neare as you can, do finish the sentence and meaning at the end of euery staffe where you

* Gascoigne's *Voyage into Holland*, An. 1572, in his *Herbes*, 1575.

wright staues, and at the end of euery two lines where you write by cooples or poulters measure : for I see many writers which draw their sentences in length, and make an ende at latter Lammas : for commonly before they end, the Reader hath forgotten where he begon. But do you (if you wil follow my aduise) eschue prolixitie and knit vp your sentences as compendiouly as you may, since breuitie (so that it be no drowned in obscuritie) is most commendable.

¹⁶ I had forgotten a notable kinde of ryme, called ryding rime, and that is suche as our Mayster and Father *Chaucer* vsed in his Canterbury tales, and in diuers other delectable and light enterprises : but though it come to my remembrance somewhat out of order, it shall not yet come altogether out of time, for I will nowe tell you a conceipt whiche I had before forgotten to wryte : you may see (by the way) that I holde a preposterous order in my traditions, but as I sayde before I wryte moued by good wil, and not to shewe my skill. Then to returne too my matter, as this riding rime serueth most aptly to wryte a merie tale, so Rythme royall is fitteſt for a graue discourse. Ballades are beſte of matters of loue, and rondlettes moſte apt for the beating or handlyng of an adage or common prouerbe : Sonets ferue awell in matters of loue as of discourse : Dizaymes and Sixames for ſhorte Fantazies : Verlayes for an effectual proposition, although by the name you might otherwife iudge of Verlayes, and the long verſe of twelue and fouretene fillables, although it be now adayes vsed in all Theames, yet in my iudgement it would ferue beſt for Psalmes and Himpnes.

I woulde ſtande longer in theſe traditions, were it not that I doubt mine owne ignoraunce, but as I sayde before. I know that I write to my freende, and affyng my ſelfe therevpon, I make an ende.

FINIS.

THE STEELE GLAS.
A Satyre compiled by George
Gascoigne Esquire.

Togither with
The Complainte of *Phylomene*.
An Elegie deuised by
the same Author.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.



Printed for Richard Smith.

To the right honorable his singular good Lord the Lord Gray of VVilton

Knight of the most honorable order of the Garter, George Gascoigne Esquire wisheth long life
with encrease of honour, according to
 his great worthinesse.



Iight honorable, noble, and my singular good Lorde: if mine abilitie were any way correspondent too the iust desires of my hart, I should yet thinke al the same vnable to deserue the least parte of your goodnesse: in that you haue alwayes deygned with chearefull looke to regarde me, with affabylitie to heare me, with exceeding curtesy to vse me, with graue aduice to directe mee, with apparant loue to care for me, and with assured assistance to protect me. All which when I do remember, yet it surreth in me an exceeding zeale to deserue it: and that zeale begetteth bashefull dreade too performe it. The dread is ended in dolours, and yet those dolours reviued the very same affection, whiche firste moued in mee the desire to honour and esteme you. For whiles I bewayle mine own vnworthynesse, and therewithal do set before mine eyes the lost time of my youth mispent, I seeme to see afarre of (for my comfort) the high and triumphant vertue called *Mignanimitie*, accompanied with industrious diligence. The first doth encourage my faynting harte, and the seconde doth

beginne (already) to employ my vnderstanding, for (ahlas my goode Lorde) were not the cordial of these two pretious Spiceries, the corrofyue of care woulde quickely confounde me.

I haue misgouerned my youth, I confesse it : what shall I do then ? shall I yelde to myfery as a iust plague apointed for my portion ? Magnanimitie faith no, and Industry seemeth to be of the very fame opinion.

I am derided, suspected, accused, and condemned : yea more than that, I am rygorously reieected when I proffer amendes for my harme. Should I therefore dispayre ? shall I yeelde vnto iellosie ? or drowne my dayes in idlenesse, bycause their beginning was bathed in wantonnesse ? Surely (my Lord) the Magnanimitie of a noble minde will not suffer me, and the delightfulnesse of dilygence doth vtterly forbydde me.

Shal I grudge to be reproued for that which I haue done in deede, when the sting of Emulation spared not to touche the worthy *Scipio* with most vntrue surmyses ? Yea *Themistocles* when he had deliuered al Greece from the huge host of *Xerxes*, was yet by his vnkinde citizens of Athens expulsed from his owne, and constrained to seeke fauour in the fight of his late professed enemie. But the Magnanimitie of their mindes was such, as neither could aduersytie ouercome them, nor yet the iniurious dealing of other men coulde kindle in their brestes any least sparke of desire, to seeke any vnhonorable reuenge.

I haue loytryed (my lorde) I confesse, I haue lien streaking me (like a lubber) when the sunne did shine, and now I striue al in vaine to loade the carte when it raineth. I regarded not my comelynes in the Mayoone of my youth, and yet now I stand prinking me in the glasse, when the crowes foote is growen vnder mine eye. But what ?

Aristotle spent his youth very ryotously, and *Plato* (by your leauie) in twenty of his youthful yeares, was no lesse addicted to delight in amorous verse, than hee was after in his age painful to write good precepts of

moral Phylosophy. VVhat shoulde I speake of Cato, who was olde before he learned lattine letters, and yet became one of the greatest Oratours of his time? These examples are sufficient to proue that by industrie and diligence any perfection may be attained, and by true Magnanimitie all aduersities are easye to be endured. And to that ende (my verie good lorde) I do here presume thus rudely to rehearse them. For as I can be content to confess the lightnesse wherewith I haue bene (in times past) worthie to be burdened, so would I be gladde, if nowe when I am otherwise bent, my better endeuors might be accepted. But (alas my lorde) I am not onely enforced stili to carie on my shoulders the crosse of my carelesnesse, but therewithall I am also put to the plunge, too prouide newe weapons wherewith I maye defende all heauy frownes, deepe suspects, and dangerous detractions. And I finde my selfe so feeble, and so vnable to endure that combat, as (were not the cordialles before rehearsed) I should either cast downe mine armoure and hide myselfe like a recreant, or else (of a malicious stubboenesse) should busie my braines with some Stratagem for to execute an enuious reuenge vpon mine aduersaries.

But neither wil Magnanimitie suffer me to become vnhonest, nor yet can Industrie see me finke in idlenessse.

For I haue learned in sacred scriptures to heape coles vppon the heade of mine enemie, by honest dealing: and our fauour himselfe hath encoraged me, saying that I shal lacke neither workes nor seruice, although it were noone dayes before I came into the Market place.

These things I say (my singular good lorde) do renewe in my troubled minde the same affection which first moued me to honor you, nothing doubting but that your fauorable eyes will vouchsafe to beholde me as I am, and neuer be so curious as to enquire what I haue bene.

And in ful hope therof, I haue presumed to present your honour with this Satyre written without rime, but I trust not without reason. And what soeuer it bee, I do humbly dedicate it vnto your honorable name, beseeching the same too accept it with as gratiouse regarde, as you haue in times past bene accustomed too beholde my trauailes. And (my good Lorde) though the skorneful do mocke me for a time, yet in the ende I hope to giue them al a rybbe of roste for their paynes. And when the vertuous shall perceiue indeede how I am occupied, then shall detraction be no lesse ashamed to haue falsely accused me, than light credence shal haue cause to repent his rashe conceypt : and Grauitie the iudge shal not be abashed to cancel the sentence vniustly pronounced in my condemnation. In meane while I remaine amongst my bookees here at my poore house in VValkamstowe, where I praye daylie for speedy aduaancement, and continuall prosperitie of your good Lordship. VWritten the fifteenth
of Aprnl. 1576.

(. .)

*By your honours most bownden and well assurred
George Gascoigne.*

N. R. in commendation
*of the Author, and his
 workes.*

IN rowsing verses of *Mauors* bloudie raigne,
 The famous *Greke*, and *Miro* did excel.
 Graue *Senec* did, furmounthe for Tragike vaine,
 Quicke *Epigrams*, *Catullus* wrote as wel.
Archilochus, did for *Iambickes* pasie,
 For commicke verse, still *Plautus* peereleffe was

In *Elegies*, and wanton loue writ laies,
 Sance peere were *Nafo*, and *Tibullus* deemde :
 In Satyres sharpe (as men of mickle praise)
Lucilius, and *Horace* were esteemde.
 Thus diuers men, with diuers vaines did write,
 But *Gascoigne* doth, in euery vaine indite.

And what perfourmaunce hee thereof doth make,
 I list not vaunte, his workes for me shal fay ;
 In praising him *Timantes* trade I take,
 VVho (when he shold, the woful cheare displaie,
 Duke *Agamemnon* had when he did waile,
 His daughters death with teares of smal auaile :

Not skild to countershape his morneful grace,
 That men might deeme, what art coulde not supplie)
 Deuifde with painted vaile, to shrowde his face.
 Like forte my pen shal Gascoignes praise discrie,
 VVhich wanting grace, his graces to rehearfe,
 Doth shrowde and cloude them thus in silent verse.

'Walter Rawely of the middle Temple, in commendation of the Steele Glasse.

SVVete were the faunce, would please ech kind of taft,
The life likewise, were pure that neuer fwerued,
For spytful tongis, in cankred stomackes plaste,
Deeme worst of things, which best (percase) deserued :
But what for that ? this medicine may suffyse,
To scorne the rest, and seke to please the wife.

Though sundry mindes, in sundry forte do deeme,
Yet worthiest wights, yelde prayse for euery payne,
But enuious braynes, do nought (or light) esteme,
Such stately steppes, as they cannot attaine.
For who so reapes, renowne aboue the rest,
VVith heapes of hate, shal surely be opprest.

VVherefore to write, my censure of this booke,
This Glasse of Steele, vnpartially doth shewe,
Abuses all, to such as in it looke,
From prince to poore, from high estate to lowe,
As for the veife, who lifts like trade to trye,
I feare me much, shal hardly reache so high.

Nicholas Bowyer in commen- dation of this worke.

FRom layes of Loue, to Satyres sadde and sage,
Our Poet turnes, the trauaile of his time,
And as he pleasde, the vaine of youthful age,
VVith pleasant penne, employde in louing ryme :
So now he seekes, the grauest to delight,
VVith workes of worth, much better than they showe.

¹ Mr. J. P. Collier, in *Arch.* xxxiv. 138, states that this is the earliest known verse of Sir W. Raleigh's, and that the above heading shows him to have been at least resident in the Middle Temple in 1570.

This Glasse of Steele, (if it be markt aright)
 Discryes the faults, as wel of high as lowe.
 And *Philomelaes* fourrefolde iust complaynte,
 In fugred sounde, doth shrowde a solempne fence,
 Gainit those whome lust, or murder doth attaynt.
 Lo this we see, is *Gascoignes* good pretence,
 To please al sorts, with his praiseworthy skill.
 Then yelde him thanks in signe of like good wil

The Author to the Reader.

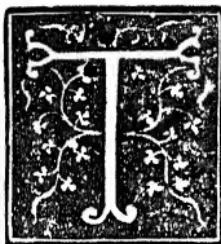
TO vaunt, were vaine : and flattie were a faulte.
 But truth to tell, there is a fort of fame,
 The which I seeke, by science to assault,
 And so to leauue, remembrance of my name.
 The walles thereof are wondrous hard to clyme :

And much to high, for ladders made of ryme.
 Then since I see, that rimes can feldome reache,
 Vnto the toppe, of such a stately Towre,
 By reasons force, I meane to make some breache,
 VVhich yet may helpe, my feeble fainting powre,
 That so at last, my Muse might enter in,
 And reason rule, that rime could neuer win.

Such battring tyre, this pamphlet here bewraies,
 In rymelesse verse, which thundreth mighty threate
 And where it findes, that vice the wal decayes,
 Euen there (amaine) with sharpe rebukes it beates.
 The worke (thinke I) deserues an honest name,
 If not? I fayle, to win this forte of fame.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

THE STEELE GLAS.



He Nightingale, (whose happy noble hart,
No dole can daunt, nor feareful force affright,
Whose cherefule voice, doth comfort faddest wights,
When she hir self, hath little cause to fing.

Whom louers loue, bicause she plaines their greues,
She wraies their woes, and yet relieues their payne,
Whom worthy mindes, alwayes esteemed much,
And grauest yeares, haue not disdainde hir notes :
(Only that king proud *Tereus* by his name
With murdring knife, did carue hir pleasant tong,
To couer so, his owne foule filthy fault)
This worthy bird, hath taught my weary Muze,
To fing a song, in spight of their despight,
Which worke my woe, withouten cause or crime,
And make my backe, a ladder for their feete,
By flaundrous steppes, and stayres of tickle talke,
To clyme the throne, wherein my selfe should sitte.
O Phylomene, then helpe me now to chaunt :
And if dead beastes, or liuing byrdes haue ghosts,
Which can conceiue the cause of carefull mone,
When wrong triumphes, and right is ouertrodde,

Then helpe me now, O byrd of gentle bloud,
 In barayne verse, to tell a frutefull tale,
 A tale (I meane) which may content the mindes
 Of learned men, and graue Philosophers.

And you my Lord, (whose happe hath heretofore
 Bene, louingly to reade my reckles rimes,
 And yet haue deignde, with fauor to forget
 The faults of youth, which past my hafty pen :
 And therwithall, haue graciously vouchsafe,
 To yeld the rest, much more than they deservde)
 Vouchsafe (lo now) to reade and to peruse,
 This rimles verse, which flowes from troubled mind.
 Sync that the line, of that false caytife king,
 (Which rauished fayre *Phylomene* for lust,
 And then cut out, hir trustie tong for hate)
 Liues yet (my Lord) which words I weepe to write.
 They liue, they liue, (alas the worse my lucke)
 Whose greedy lust, vnbridled from their breft,
 Hath raunged long about the world so wyde,
 To finde a pray for their wide open mouthes,
 And me they found, (O wofull tale to tell)
 Whose harmeleffe hart, perceivde not their deceipt.

But that my Lord, may playnely vnderstand,
 The mysteries, of all that I do meane,
 I am not he whom flaunderous tonges haue tolde,
 (False tonges in dede, and craftie subtile braines)
 To be the man, which ment a common spoyle
 Of louing dames, whose eares wold heare my words
 Or trust the tales deuised by my pen.
 In' am a man, as some do thinke I am,
 (Laugh not good Lord) I am in dede a dame,
 Or at the least, a right *Hermaphrodite*:
 And who desires, at large to knowe my name,
 My birth, my line, and euery circumstance,
 Lo reade it here, *Playne dealyng* was my Syre,
 And he begat me by *Simplycittie*,

Not ig-
norant
symplicity
but a
thought
free from
deceite.

A paire of twinnes at one selfe burden borne,
My fist' and I, into this world were sent,
My Systers name, was pleasant *Poefys*,
And I my selfe had *Satyra* to name,
Whose happe was fuch, that in the prime of
youth,

A lusty ladde, a stately man to see,
Brought vp in place, where pleasures did abound,
(I dare not say, in court for both myne eares)
Beganne to woo my sister, not for wealth,
But forhir face was louely to beholde,
And therewithall, hir speeche was pleasant stil.
This Nobles name, was called *vayne Delight*,
And in his trayne, he had a comely crewe
Of guylefull wights: *False semblant* was the
first,

The second man was, *Flearing flattery*,
(Brethren by like, or very neare of kin)
Then followed them, *Detraction* and *Deceite*.
Sym Swash did beare a buckler for the first,
False witneffe was the seconde stely page,
And thus wel armd, and in good equipage,
This Galant came, vnto my fathers courte,
And woed my sister, for she elder was,
And fayrer eke, but out of doubt (at least)
Hir pleasant speech surpassed mine somuch,
That *vayne Delight*, to hir adrest his sute.

Short tale to make, she gaue a free conient,
And forth she goeth, to be his wedded make,
Entyst percase, with gloffe of gorgeous shewe,
(Or else perhappes, persuaded by his peeres,)
That constant loue had herbord in his brest,
Such errors growe where fuche false Prophets preach.

How so it were, my Sister likte him wel,
And forth she goeth, in Court with him to dwel,
Where when she had some yeeres ysoiornd,
And saw the world, and marked eche mans minde,
A deepe Desire hir louing hart enflamde,

Satyrical
Poetry
may right
ly be cal-
led the
daughter
of such
symplici-
tie

VVhere
may be
commonly
found a
meeter
vvoer for
pleasant
poetry,
than *vaine
Delight*?
Such men
do many
tymes at-
tend
vpon
*vaine de-
light*.

Poetrie
married
to *vaine
Delight*.

To see me fit by hir in seemely wise,
 That compayne might comfort hir sometimes,
 And found advice might ease hir wearie thoughtes :
 And forth with speede, (euen at hir first request)
 Doth *vaine Delight*, his hasty course direct,
 To seeke me out his sayles are fully bent,
 And winde was good, to bring me to the bowre,
 Whereas she lay, that mourned dayes and nights
 To see hir selfe, so matchte and so deceivde,
 And when the wretch, (I cannot teime him bet)
 Had me on feas ful farre from friendly help,
 A sparke of lust, did kindle in his breft,
 And bad him harke, to songs of *Satyra*.
 I felly soule (which thought no body harme)
 Gan cleere my throte, and straue to sing my
 best,

Which pleasde him so, and so enflamde hishart,
 That he forgot my sister *Poefys*,

And rauisht me, to please his wanton minde.
 Not so content, when this foule fact was done,
 (Yfraught with feare, least that I should disclose
 His incest : and his doting darke desire)

He causde straight wayes, the formost of his
 crew

VVith his compeare, to trie me with their
 tongues :

And when their guiles, could not preuaile to winne
 My simple mynde, from tracke of trustie truth,
 Nor yet deceyt could bleare mine eyes through fraud,
 Came Slander then, accusing me, and sayde,
 That I entist *Delyght*, to loue and luste.

Thus was I caught, poore wretch that thought none il.
 And furthermore, to cloke their own offence,
 They clapt me fast, in cage of *Myserie*,
 And there I dwelt, full many a doleful day,
 Vntil this theefe, this traytor *vaine Delight*,
 Cut out my tong, with *Rayfor* of *Restraynte*,
 Leaft I should wraye, this bloudy deede of his.

Satirical
Poetry is
sometimes
rauished
by vayne
Delight.

False sem-
blant and
flatterie
can sel-
dome be-
guile sati-
rical Poe-
trie.

The re-
vvard of
busy med-
ling is
Miserie.

And thus (my Lord) I liue a weary life,
Not as I seemd, a man sometimes of might,
But womanlike, whose teares must venge hir
harms.

note novv
and compare
this allego-
ry to the
story of
Progne and
Philomel.

And yet, euen as the mighty gods did daine
For *Philomele*, that thoughe hir tong were cutte,
Yet should she sing a pleasant note sometimes :
So haue they deignd, by their deuine decrees,
That with the stumps of my reproud tong,
I may sometimes, *Reprouers* deedes reprove,
And sing a verse, to make them see themselues.

Then thus I sing, this felly song by night,
Like *Phylomene*, since that the shining Sunne
Is how eclypst, which wont to lend me light.

And thus I sing, in corner closely cowcht
Like *Philomene*, since that the stately cowrts,
Are now no place, for such poore byrds as I.

And thus I sing, with pricke against my brest,
Like *Philomene*, fince that the priuy worme,
Which makes me see my reckles youth mispent,
May well suffise, to keepe me waking still.

And thus I sing, when pleasant spring begins,
Like *Phylomene*, fince euery ianglyng byrd,
Which squeaketh loude, shall neuer triumph so,
As though my muze were mute and durst not sing.

And thus I sing, with harmeleffe true intent,
Like *Philomene*, when as percase (meane while)
The Cuckowe fuckes mine eggs by foule deceit,
And lickes the sweet, which might haue fed me first.

And thus I meane, in mournfull wise to sing,
A rare conceit, (God graunt it lke my Lorde)
A trustie tune, from auncient clyffes conueyed,
A playne song note, which cannot warble well.

TEEL GLAS.

For whyles I mark this weak and wretched world,
Wherein I see, howe euery kind of man
Can flatter still, and yet deceiues himselfe.
Here the substance of the theame beginneth
I feeme to muse, from whence such error springs,
Such grosse conceits, such mistes of darke mistake,
Such *Surcuydry*, such weening ouer well,
And yet in dede, such dealings too too badde.
And as I stretch my weary wittes, to weighe
The cause thereof, and whence it should proceede,
My battred braynes, (which now be shrewdly brufde,
With cannon shot, of much misgouernment)
Can spye no cause, but onely one conceite,
Which makes me thinke, the world goeth stil awry.

I fee and sigh, (bycause it makes me sadde)
That peuishe pryd, doth al the world posseffe,
And euery wight, will haue a looking glasse
To fee himselfe, yet so he feeth him not :
Yea shal I say? a glasse of common glasse,
Which glistreth bright, and shewes a seemely shew,
Is not enough, the days are past and gon,
That Berral glasse, with foyles of louely brown,
Might serue to shew, a seemely fauord face.
That age is deade, and vanisht long ago,
Which thought that steele, both trusty was and true,
And needed not, a foyle of contraries,
But shewde al things, euen as they were in dede.
In steade whereof, our curious yeares can finde
The christal glas, which glimseth braue and bright,
And shewes the thing, much better than it is,
Beguylded with foyles, of fundry subtil flichts,
So that they feeme, and couet not to be.

This is the cause (beleue me now my Lorde)
That Realm's do rewe, from high prosperity,

That kings decline, from princely gouernment,
 That Lords do lacke, their auncestors good wil,
 That knights consume, their patrimonie still,
 That gentlemen, do make the merchant rise,
 That plowmen begge, and craftesmen cannot thriue,
 That clergie quayles, and hath smal reuerence,
 That laymen liue, by mouing mischiefe stil,
 That courtiers thriue, at latter Lammas day,
 That officers, can scarce enrich their heyres,
 That Souldiours sterue, or prech at Tiborne crosse,
 That lawyers buye, and purchafe deadly hate,
 That merchants clyme, and fal againe as fast,
 That roysters brag, aboue their betters rome,
 That sicophants, are counted iolly guests,
 That *Lars* leades a Ladies life alofte,
 And *Lucrece* lurkes, with sobre bashful grace.

This is the cause (or else my Muze mistakes)
 That things are thought, which neuer yet were wrought,
 And castels buylt, aboue in lofty skies,
 Which neuer yet, had good foundation.
 And that the fame may feme no feined dreame,
 But words of worth, and worthy to be wayed,
 I haue presumde, my Lord for to present
 With this poore glasse, which is of trustie Steele,
 And came to me, by wil and testament
 Of one that was, a Glaffemaker in deede.

Lucylus, this worthy man was namde,
 Who at his death, bequeathd the christal glasse, A famous
old satyri-
cal Poete.
 To such as loue, to feme but not to be,
 And vnto thoſe, that loue to fee themſelues,
 How foule or fayre, ſoeuer that they are,
 He gan bequeath, a glasse of trustie Steele,
 Wherein they may be bolde alwayes to looke,
 Bycaufe it ſhewes, all things in their degree.
 And fince myfelfe (now pride of youth is paſt)

Do loue to be, and let al seeming paffe,
Since I desire, to see my selfe in deed,
Not what I would, but what I am or shoule,
Therfore I like this trustie glaſe of Steele.

Wherein I ſee, a frolike fauor frounſt
With foule abuse, of lawleſſe luſt in youth : The au-
thor him-
ſelfe.

Wherein I ſee, a Sampſons grim regaide
Disgraced yet with Alexanders beard : Alexander
magnus
had but a
ſmal
beard

Wherein I ſee, a corps of comely ſhape
(And ſuch as might beſeeeme the courte full wel) He vvhich
Is caſt at heele, by courting al to ſoone : vvl re-
Wherein I ſee, a quicke capacitye, buke mens
Berayde with blotſ of light Inconſtancie : faults, ſhal
An ageſuſpect, bycauſe of youthes miſdeedes. do vvel
A poeſts brayne, poſteſt with layes of loue : not to for-
A Caſars minde, and yet a Codrus miſtig, ovne im-
A Souldiours hart, ſuppreſt with feareful doomes : perfections.
A Philoſopher, fooliſhly fordone.

And to be playne, I ſee my ſelfe ſo playne,
And yet ſo much vnlike that moſt I ſeemde,
As were it not, that Reaſon ruleth me,
I ſhould in rage, this face of mine deſace,
And caſt this corps, downe headlong in diſpaire,
Bycauſe it iſ, ſo farre vnlike it ſelfe.

And therwithal, to comfort me againe,
I ſee a world, of worthy gouernment,
A common welth, with poſtice ſo rulde, Common
welth

As neither lawes are fold, nor iuſtice bought,
Nor riſhes ſought, vnleſſe it be by right.
No crueltie nor tyrannie can raigne,
No right reuenge, doth rayfe rebellion,
No ſpoyles are tane, although the ſword preuaile,
No ryot ſpends, the coyne of common welth,
No rulers hoard, the countries treasure vp,
No man growes riche, by ſubtilty nor ſleight:

All people dreade, the magistrates decree,
 And al men feare, the scourge of mighty Ioue.
 Lo this (my lord) may wel deserue the name,
 Of such a lande, as milke and hony flowes.
 And this I see, within my glasse of Steel,
 Set forth euen so, by *Solon* (worthy wight)
 Who taught king *Crœsus*, what it is to feme,
 And what to be, by prooфе of happie end.
 The like *Lycurgus*, *Lacedemon* king,
 Did set to shew, by viewe of this my glasse,
 And left the same, a mirour to behold,
 To euery prince, of his posterity.

But now (aye me) the glasing chritſal glasse
 Doth make vs thinke, that realmes and townes are rych
 VVhere fauor fways, the ſentence of the law, Common
 VVhere al is fishe, that cometh to the net, vvoe.
 VVhere mighty power, doth ouer rule the right,
 VVhere iniuries, do foster ſecret grudge,
 VVhere bloody ſword, maks euery booty prize,
 VVhere banqueting, is compted comly coſt,
 VVhere officers grow rich by princes pens,
 VVhere purchafe commes, by couyn and deceit,
 And no man dreads, but he that cannot ſhift,
 Nor none ferue God, but only tongtide men.

Againe I see, within my glasse of Steele,
 But foure estates, to ferue eche country Soyle,
 The King, the Knight, the Peasant, and the Priest.
 The King ſhould care for al the ſubiectes ſtill,
 The Knight ſhould fight, for to defende the fame,
 The Peasant he, ſhould labor for their eaſe,
 And Priests ſhuld pray, for them and for themſelues.

But out alas, ſuch miſts do bleare our eyes,
 And chritſal gloſſe, doth glifter fo therwith,
 That Kings conceiue, their care is wonderous ^{King.} great.

When as they beat, their busie restles braynes,
 To maintaine pompe, and high triumphant fights, 1
 To fede their fil, of daintie delicates, 2
 To glad their harts, with fight of pleasant sports, 3
 To fil their eares, with found of instruments, 4
 To breake with bit, the hot coragious horse, 5
 To deck their haules, with sumptuous cloth of gold, 6
 To cloth themselues, with filkes of straunge deuise, 7
 To search the rocks, for pearles and pretious stones, 8
 To delue the ground, for mines of glistering gold: 9
 And neuer care, to maynteine peace and rest,
 To yeld reliefe, where needy lacke appears,
 To stop one eare, vntil the poore man speake,
 To feme to sleepe, when Iustice still doth wake,
 To gard their lands, from sodaine sword and fier,
 To feare the cries of girtles fuckling babes,
 Whose ghosts may cal, for vengeance on their bloud,
 And stire the wrath, of mightie thundring Ioue.

I speake not this, by any english king,
 Nor by our Queene, whose high forsight prouids,
 That dyre debate, is fledde to foraine Realmes,
 Whiles we inioy the golden fleece of peace.
 But there to turne my tale, from whence it came,
 In olden dayes, good kings and worthy dukes,
 (Who fawe themselues, in glasse of trufy Steele)
 Contented were, with pompes of little prycce,
 And set their thoughtes, on regal gouernement.

An order was, when Rome did florish most, *Veleri*
 That no man might triumph in stately wife, *max. lib. 2.*
 But such as had, with blowes of bloody blade *cap. 3.*
 Fiue thousand foes in foughten field foredone.
 Now he that likes, to loke in Christal glasse,
 May see proud pomps, in high triumphant wife,
 Where neuer blowe, was delt with enemie.

When *Sergius*, deuised first the meane

To pen vp fishe, within the fwelling floud,
 And so content his mouth with daintie fare,
 Then followed fast, exceffe on Princes bordes,
 And euery dish, was chargde with new conceits,
 To please the taste, of vncontented mindes.
 But had he seene, the streine of straunge deuise,
 Which *Epicures*, do now adayes inuent,
 To yeld good smacke, vnto their daintie tongues :
 Could he conceiue, how princes paunch is fillde
 With secret cause, of sickenesse (oft) vnfeene,
 Whiles lust desires, much more than nature craues,
 Then would he say, that al the Romane cost
 Was common trash, compard to fundrie Sauce
 Which princes vse, to pamper Appetite.

O Christal Glasse, thou settest things to shew,
 Which are (God knoweth) of little worth in dede.
 Al eyes behold, with eagre deepe desire,
 The Faulcon flye, the grehounde runne his course,
 The bayted Bul, and Beare at stately stake,
 These Enterluds, these newe Italian spordes,
 And euery gawde, that glads the minde of man :
 But fewe regard, their needy neighbours lacke,
 And fewe beholde, by contemplation,
 The ioyes of heauen, ne yet the paines of hel.
 Fewe loke to lawe, but al men gaze on lust.

A fwete consent, of Musicks sacred sound,
 Doth rayse our mindes, (as rapt) al vp on high,
 But sweeter foundes, of concorde, peace, and loue,
 Are out of tune, and iarre in euery stoppe.

To tosse and turne, the sturdie trampling stede,
 To bridle him, and make him meete to serue,
 Deserues (no doubt) great commendation.
 But such as haue, their stables ful yfraught,
 VVith pampred Iades, ought therwithal to wey,
 VVhat great exceffe, vpon them may be spent,
 How many pore, (which nede nor brake nor bit)

3

4

5

Might therwith al, in godly wife be fedde, Deut 18
 And kings ought not, so many horse to haue.

The sumptuous house, declares the princes state, 6
 But vaine exceffe, bewrayes a princes faults.

Our bumbast hose, our treble double ruffes,
 Our futes of Silke, our comely garded capes,
 Our knit filke stockes, and spanish lether shoes,
 (Yea velvet serues, offtimes to trample in)
 Our plumes, our spangs, and al our queint aray,
 Are pricking spurres, prouoking filthy pvide,
 And snares (vnfeen) which leade a man to hel. 7

How liue the Mores, which spurne at glifstring perle, 8
 And scorne the costes, which we do holde so deare?
 How? how but wel? and weare the precious pearle
 Of peerleffe truth, amongst them published,
 (VVhich we enjoy, and neuer wey the worth.)
 They would not then, the same (like vs) despise,
 VVhich (though they lacke) they liue in better wife
 Than we, which holde, the worthles pearle so deare.
 But glittering gold, which many yeares lay hidde,
 Til greedy mindes, gan search the very guts
 Of earth and clay, to finde out fundrie moulds
 (As redde and white, which are by melting made
 Bright gold and siluer, mettals of mischiefe)
 Hath now enflamde, the noblest Princes harts
 With foulest fire, of filthy Auarice,
 And seldome seene, that kings can be content
 To kepe their bounds, which their forefathers left:
 What causeth this, but greedy golde to get?
 Euen gold, which is, the very cause of warres,
 The neast of strife, and nourice of debate,
 The barre of heauen, and open way to hel.

(Squires
 But is this strange? when Lords when Knightes and
 (Which ought defende, the state of common welth)
 Are not afryd to couet like a King?)

O blinde desire : oh high aspiring harts.
 The country Squire, doth couet to be Knight, Knights.
 The Knight a Lord, the Lord an Erle or a Duke.
 The Duke a King, the King would Monarke be,
 And none content, with that which is his own.
 Yet none of these, can see in Christal glasse
 (VVhich glistereth bright, and bleares their gasing eyes)
 How euery life, beares with him his disease.
 But in my glasse, which is of trustie steele,
 I can perceiue, how kingdomes breedre but care,
 How Lordship liues, with lots of lesse delight,
 (Though cappe and knee, do feeme a reuerence,
 And couithke life, is thought an other heauen)
 Than common people finde in euery coast.

The Gentleman, which might in countrie keepe
 A plenteous boorde, and feed the fatherlesse,
 VVith pig and goose, with mutton, beefe and veale,
 (Yea now and then, a capon and a chicke)
 VVil breake vp house, and dwel in market townes,
 A loytring life, and like an *Epicure*.

But who (meane while) defends the common welth ?
 VVho rules the flocke, when sheperds so are fled ?
 VVho stayes the staff, which shuld vphold the state ?
 Forsooth good Sir, the Lawyer leapeth in,
 Nay rather leapes, both ouer hedge and ditch,
 And rules the rost, but fewe men rule by right.

O Knights, O Squires, O Gentle blouds yborne,
 You were not borne, al onely for your selues :
 Your countrie claymes, some part of al your paines.
 There should you liue, and therein should you toyle,
 To hold vp right, and banish cruel wrong,
 To helpe the pore, to bridle backe the riche,
 To punish vice, and vertue to aduaunce,
 To see God servde, and *Belzebub* supprest.
 You should not trust, lieftenaunts in your rome,
 And let them sway, the scepter of your charge,
 VVhiles you (meane while) know scarcely what is don,
 Nor yet can yeld, accompt if you were callede.

The stately lord, which woonted was to kepe
 A court at home, is now come vp to courte,
 And leaues the country for a common prey,
 To pilling, polling, brybing, and deceit:
 (Al which his presence might haue pacified,
 Or else haue made offenders smel the smoke.)
 And now the youth which might haue serued him,
 In comely wife, with countrey clothes yclad,
 And yet therby bin able to preferre
 Vnto the prince, and there to seke aduance:
 Is faine to sell, his landes for courtly cloutes,
 Or else sits still, and liueth like a loute,
 (Yet of these two, the last fault is the leffe :)
 And so those imps which might in time haue sprung
 Alofte (good lord) and servde to shielde the state,
 Are either nipt, with such vntimely frosts,
 Or else growe crookt, bycause they be not proynd.

These be the Knights, which shold defend the land,
 And these be they, which leauue the land at large.
 Yet here percase, it wilbe thought I roue
 And runne astray, besides the kings high way,
 Since by the Knights, of whom my text doth tell
 (And such as shew, most perfect in my glasse)
 Is ment no more, but worthy Souldiours
 Whose skil in armes, and long experience
 Should stull vphold the pillers of the worlde.
 Yes out of doubt, this noble name of Knight,
 May comprehend, both Duke, Erle, lorde, Knight,
 Yea gentlemen, and euery gentle borne. (Squire,

But if you wil, constraine me for to speake
 What souldiours are, or what they ought to be
 (And I my selfe, of that profession)
 I see a crew, which glister in my glasse, Souldiours,
 The brauest bande, that euer yet was sene:
 Behold behold, where Pompey commes before,
 VVhere *Manlius*, and *Marius* infue,

Æmilius, and *Curius* I see,
Palamedes, and *Fabius maximus*,
And eke their mate, *Epaminondas* loe,
Protephilus and *Phocyan* are not farre,
Pericles stands, in rancke amongst the rest,
Aristomenes, may not be forgot,
Vnlesse the list, of good men be disgrast.

Behold (my lord) these souldiours can I spie
Within my glasse, within my true Steele glasie.

I see not one therein, which seekes to heape
A world of pence, by pinching of dead payes, couetous
soldiours
And so beguiles, the prince in time of nede,
When muster day, and foughten fielde are odde.
Since Pompey did, enrich the common heaps,
And Paulus he, (Æmilius furname)
Returnde to Rome, no richer than he went,
Although he had, so many lands subdued,
And brought such treasure, to the common chefts,
That fourscore yeres, the state was (after) free
From greuous taske, and imposition.
Yea since againe, good Marcus Curius,
Thought jacrledge, himselfe for to aduaunce,
And see his souldiours, pore or liue in lache

I see not one, within this glasse of mine, soldiours
more
braue then
valiaunt.
Whose fethers flaunt, and flicker in the winde,
As though he were, all onely to be markt,
When simple snakes, which go not halfe so gay,
Can leaue him yet a furlong in the field :
And when the pride, of all his peacockes plumes,
Is daunted downe, with daftard dreadfulnesse.
And yet in towne, he iected euery streeete,
As though the god of warres (euen *Mars* himself)
Might wel (by him) be liuely counterfayte,
Though much more like, the coward *Con/lantine*.
I see none such, (my Lorde) I see none such,

*Since Phocion, which was in deede a Mars
And one which did, much more than he wold vaunt,
Contented was to be but homely clad.
And Marius, (whose consta[n]t hart could bide
The very vaines, of his forwearied legges
To be both cut, and carued from his corps)
Could neuer yet, contented be to spend,
One idie groate, in cloathing nor in cates.*

I see not one, (my Lord) I see not one
Which stands somuch, vpon his paynted
sheath
(Bycause he hath, perchaunce at Bolleyn bene
And loytered, since then in idlenesse)
That he accompts, no Soldiour but himselfe,
Nor one that can, despise the learned brayne,
VVhich ioyneth reading with experience.
Since Palamedes, and Vlisses both,
VVhere much esteemeed for their pollicies
Although they were not thought long trained men.
Epamynondas, eke was much esteeme
VVhose Eloquence, was such in all respects,
As gaue no place, vnto his manly hart.
And Fabius, surnamed Maximus,
Could royne such learning, with experiance,
As made his name, more famous than the rest.

Soldiours
vvhho (for
their ovvn
long con-
tinuance
in seruice)
do seeme
to despise
all other
of latter
time, and
especially
such as are
learned.

Theſe bloody beaſts, apeare not in my glaffe,
VVhich cannot rule, their ſword in furious rage,
Nor haue reſpecte, to age nor yet to kinde:
But downe goeth al, where they get vpper hand.
VVhose greedy harts ſo hungrie are to ſpoyle,
That few regard, the very wrath of God,
VVhich greeued is, at cries of giltleſſe bloud.
Pericles was, a famous man of warre,
And victor eke, in nine great foughten fields,
VVherof he was the general in charge.
Yet at his death he rather did reioyce

Soldiours
ouer cruel
vvithout
any re-
gard.

*In clemencie, than bloudy victorie.
 Be still (quoth he) you graue Athenians,
 VVho whispered, and tolde his valiant faels)
 You haue forgot, my greatest glorie got.
 For yet (by me, nor mine occasion)
 VVas neuer fene, a mourning garment worne.
 O noble words, wel worthy golden wrift.
 Beleue me (Lord) a souldiour cannot haue
 Too great regarde, whereon his knife should cut.*

*Ne yet the men, which wonder at their wounds,
 And shewe their scarres to euery commer by,
 Dare once be seene, within my glasse of Steele,
 For so the faults, of *Thraso* and his trayne,
 (Whom *Terence* told, to be but bragging brutes)
 Might fone appeare, to euery skilful eye.
*Bolde Manlius, could close and wel conuey
 Ful thirtie wounds, (and three) upon his head,
 Yet neuer made, nor bones nor bragges therof.**

What should I speake, of drunken Soldiours?
 Or lechers lewde, which fight for filthy lust?
 Of whom that one, can fit and bybbe his fil,
 Consume his coyne, (which might good corage yeld,
 To such as march, and moue at his commaunde)
 And makes himselfe, a worthy mocking stocke
 Which might deserue, (by sobre life) great laude.
 That other dotes, and driueth forth his dayes
 In vaine delight, and foule concupiscence,
 When works of weight, might occupie his hedde.
 Yea therwithal, he puts his owne fonde heade
 Vnder the belt, of such as should him ferue,
 And so becoms, example of much euil,
 Which should haue servde, as lanterne of good life :
 And is controlde, whereas he should commaund.
Augustus Cæsar, he which might haue made
 Both feasts and banquets brauely as the best,
 Was yet content (in campe) with homely cates,
 And feldome dranke his wine vnwatered.

Braggers
and such
as boast
of their
vvounds.

Drunken
and leche-
rous sol-
diours

Aristomenes, dayned to defende
 His dames of prize, whom he in warres had won,
 And rather chose, to die in their defence,
 Then filthy men, should foyle their chaftitie.
 This was a wight, wel worthy fame and prayfe.

O Captayns come, and Souldiours come apace,
 Behold my glasse, and you shall see therin,
 Proud *Craffus* bagges, consumde by couetise,
 Great *Alexander*, drounde in drunkennesse,
Cœsar and *Pompey*, split with priuy grudge,
Brennus beguild, with lightnesse of beliefe,
Cleômenes, by ryot not regarded,
Vespafian, disdayned for deceit,
Demetrius, light fet by for his lust,
 Whereby at last, he dyed in prison pent.

Hereto percase, some one man will alledge,
 That Princes pence, are purfed vp so close,
 And faires do fall so seldome in a yeare,
 That when they come, prouision must be made
 To fende the frost, in hardest winter nights.

Indeede I finde, within this glasse of mine,
Iustinian, that proude vngrateful prince, Vngrateful
 Which made to begge, bold *Belisarius* Princes.
 His trustie man, which had so stoutly fought
 In his defence, with evry enmy.
 And *Scipio*, condemnes the Romaine rule,
 Which suffred him (that had so truely serued)
 To leade pore life at his (*Lynternum*) ferme,
 VVhich did deserue, such worthy recompence.
 Yea herewithal, most Souldiours of our time,
 Beleeue for truth, that proude *Iustinian*
 Did neuer die, without good store of heyies.
 And *Romanes* race, cannot be rooted out,
 Such yfewe springs, of such vnpleasant budds,
 But shal I say? this leſſon learne of me,

VVhen drums are dumb, and found not dub a dub,
 Then be thou eke, as inewet as a mayde
 (I preach this sermon but to souldiours)
 And learne to liue, within thy bravries bounds.
 VVhat e-
 very sol-
 diour
 should be
 in time of
 peace.
 Let not the Mercer, pul thee by the fleeue
 For futes of filke, when cloth may serue thy turne,
 Let not thy scroes, come robbe thy needy purse,
 Make not the catchpol, rich by thine arrest.

Art thou a Gentle? liue with gentle friendes,
 VVhich wil be glad, thy companie to haue,
 If manhoode may, with manners well agree.

Art thou a feruing man? then serue againe,
 And stnt to steale as common souldiours do.

Art thou a craftsman? take thee to thine arte,
 And cast off flouth, which loytreth in the Campes.

Art thou a plowman preffed for a shift?
 Then learne to clout, thine old cast cobled shooes,
 And rather bide, at home with barly bread,
 Than learne to spoyle, as thou hast seene some do.

Of truth (my friendes, and my companions eke)
 Who lust, by warres to gather lawful welth,
 And so to get, a right renoumed name,
 Must cast aside, al common trades of warre,
 And learne to liue, as though he knew it not.

Well, thus my Knight hath held me al to long.
 Bycause he bare, such compasse in my glasse.
 Hhigh time were then, to turne my weiy pen,
 Vnto the Peasant comming next in place.
 And here to write, the summe of my conceit,
 I do not meane, alone ly husbandmen,
 Which till the ground, which dig, delve, mow and sowe,
 Which swinke and sweate, whiles we do sleepe and
 And ferch the guts of earth, for greedy gain, [snort

But he that labors any kind of way.
 To gather gaines, and to enrich himselfe,
 By King, by Knight, by holy helping Priests
 And al the rest, that liue in common welth,
 (So that his gaines, by greedy guyles be got)
 Him can I compt, a Peasant in his place.
 All officers, all aduocates at lawe,
 Al men of arte, which get goodes greedily,
 Must be content, to take a Peasants rome.

Peasant

Strange
Peasants

A strange deuise, and sure my Lord wil laugh,
 To see it so, defested in degrees.
 But he which can, in office drudge, and droy,
 And craue of al, (although euen now a dayes,
 Most officers, commaund that shuld be cravde)
 He that can share, from euery pention payde
 A Peeter peny weying halfe a pounde,
 He that can plucke, sir *Bennet* by the fleeue,
 And finde a fee, in his pluraltie,
 He that can winke, at any foule abuse,
 As long as gaines, come trouling in therwith,
 Shal such come see themselues in this my glasse ?
 Or shal they gaze, as godly good men do ?
 Yea let them come : but shal I tell you one thing ?
 How ere their gownes, be gathered in the backe,
 With organe pipes, of old king *Henries* clampe,
 How ere their cappes, be folded with a flappe,
 How ere their beards, be clipped by the chinne,
 How ere they ride, or mounted are on mules,
 I compt them worse, than haimeles homely hindes,
 Which toyle in dede, to ferue our common vse.

Officers

Strange tale to tel : all officers be blynde,
 And yet their one eye, sharpe as *Linceus* fight,
 That one eye winks, as though it were but blynd,
 That other pries and peekes in euery place.
 Come naked neede ? and chance to do amisse ?
 He shal be sure, to drinke vpon the whippe.
 But priuie gaine, (that bribing busie wretch)

Can finde the meanes, to creepe and cowch so low,
 As officers, can neuer see him flyde,
 Nor heare the trampling of his stealing steppes.
 He comes (I thinke,) vpon the blinde side stil.

These things (my Lord) my glasse now sets to shew,
 Whereas long since, all officers were seene
 To be men made, out of another mould.

Epamynond, of whome I spake before
 (Which was long tyme, an officer in *Thebes*)

And toylde in peace, as wel as fought in warre,
 VVould neuer take, or bribe, or rich reward.

And thus he spake, to such as fought his helpe:
 If it be good, (quoth he) that you desire,
 Then wil I do, it for the vertues sake:

If it be badde, no bribe can me infecte.

If so it be, for this my common weale,
 Then am I borne, and bound by duetie both

To see it done, withouten furder words.

But if it be, vnprofitable thing,
 And might empaire, offende, or yeld annoy

Vnto the state, which I prctende to stay,

Then al the gold (quoth he) that growes on earth

Shal neuer tempt, my free consent thereto.

There
to fevv
such of-
ficers.

How many now, wil treade *Zeleucus* steps?
 Or who can byde, *Cambyses* cruel dome?
 Cruel? nay iust, (yea softe and peace good sir)
 For Iustice sleepes, and Troth is iefted out.

O that al kings, would (*Alexander* like)
 Hold euermore, one finger streight stretcht out,
 To thrust in eyes, of all their master theeues.

False
judges

But *Brutus* died, without posteritie,
 And *Marcus Crassus* had none issue male,
Cicero lipt, vnsene out of this world,
 With many mo, which pleaded romaine pleas, *Advocats*.
 And were content, to vfe their eloquence.

In maintenance, of matters that were good.
Demosthenes, in *Athens* vsde his arte,
 (Not for to heape, himselfe great hounds of gold,
 But) stil to stay, the towne from deepe deceite
 Of *Philips* wyles, which had besieged it.
 Where shal we reade, that any of these four
 Did euer pleade, as carelesse of the trial?
 Or who can say, they builded sumptuously?
 Or wroong the weake, out of his own by wyles?
 They were (I trowe) of noble houses borne,
 And yet content, to vse their best deuoire,
 In furdering, eche honest harmeleffe cause.
 They did not rowte (like rude vnringed swine,)
 To roote nobilitie from heritage.
 They stooode content, with gaine of glorious fame,
 (Bycause they had, respect to equitie)
 To leade a life, like true Philosophers.
 Of all the bristle bearded Aduocates
 That euer lovde their fees aboue the caufe,
 I cannot see, (scarce one) that is so bolde
 To shewe his face, and fayned Phisnomie
 In this my glasse: but if he do (my Lorde)
 He shewes himselfe, to be by very kinde
 A man which meanes, at euery time and tide,
 To do smal right, but sure to take no wrong.

And master Merchant, he whose trauaile ought *Mercha^{ts}.*
 Commodiously, to doe his countrie good,
 And by his toyle, the same for to enriche,
 Can finde the meane, to make *Monopolyes*
 Of euery ware, that is accompted strange.
 And feeds the vaine, of courtiers vaine desires
 Vntil the court, haue courtiers cast at heele,
Quia non habent vestes Nuptiales.

O painted fooles, whose harebrainde heads must haue
 More clothes attones, than might become a king:
 For whom the rocks, in forain Realmes must spin,
 For whom they carde, for whom they weave their webbes

For whom no wool, appeareth fine enough,
 (I speake not this by english courtiers)
 Since english wool, was euer thought most worth)
 For whom al feas, are tossed to and fro,
 For whom these purples come from *Perfia*,
 The crimosine, and liuely red from *Inde*:
 For whom soft silks, do sayle from *Sericane*,
 And all queint costs, do come from fardest coasts :
 Whiles in meane while, that worthy Emperour, August. 9.
 Which rulde the world, and had all welth at wil,
 Could be content, to tire his wearie wife,
 His daughters and, his niepcses euerychone,
 To spin and worke the clothes that he shuld weare,
 And neuer carde, for silks or sumpteous cost,
 For cloth of gold, or tinsel figurie,
 For Baudkin, broydrie, cutworks, nor conceits.
 He set the shippes, of merchantmen on worke,
 VVith bringing home, oyle, graine, and favrie salt
 And such like wares, as serued common vse.

Yea for my life, those merchants were not woont
 To lend their wares, at reasonable rate,
 (To gaine no more, but *Cento por cento*.)
 To teach yong men, the trade to fel browne paper,
 Yea Morrice bells, and byllets too sometymes,
 To make their coyne, a net to catch yong frye.
 To binde such babes, in father Derbies bands,
 To stay their steps, by statute Staples staffe,
 To rule yong roysters, with *Recognisance*,
 To read *Arithmetickē* once euery day,
 In VVoodstreat, Bredstreat, and in Pultery
 (VVhere such schoolmaisters keepe their counting house)
 To fede on bones, when flesh and fell is gon,
 To keepe their byrds, ful close in caytues cage,
 (Who being brought, to libertie at large,
 Might sing perchaunce, abroade, when funne doth shine
 Of their mishaps, and how their fethers fel)
 Vntill the canker may their corpse confume.

These knackes (my lord) I cannot cal to minde,
 Bycause they shewe not in my glasse of steele.
 But holla : here, I see a wondrous fight,
 I see a fwarme, of Saints within my glasse :
 Beholde, behold, I see a fwarme in deede
 Of holy Saints, which walke in comely wise,
 Not deckt in robes, nor garnished with gold,
 But some vnshod, yea some ful thinly clothde,
 And yet they seeme, so heauenly for to see,
 As if their eyes, were al of Diamonds,
 Their face of Rubies, Saphires, and Iacincts,
 Their comly beards, and heare, of filuer wiers.
 And to be short, they seeme Angelycall.
 What shoulde they be, (my Lord) what shoulde they be

O gratiouse God, I see now what they be.
 These be my priests, which pray for evry state,
 These be my priests, deuorced from the world, Priest.
 And wedded yet, to heauen and holynesse,
 Which are not proude, nor couet to be riche.
 Which go not gay, nor fede on daintie foode,
 VVhich enuie not, nor knowe what malice meanes,
 Which loth all lust, disdayning drunkenesse,
 Which cannot faine, which hate hypocrisie.
 Which neuer fawe, Sir *Simonies* deceits
 Which preach of peace, which carpe contentions,
 Which loyter not, but labour al the yeare,
 Which thunder threts, of gods most greuous wrath,
 And yet do teach, that mercie is in store.

Lo these (my Lord) be my good praying priests,
 Descended from, *Melchysedec* by line
 Cofens to Paule, to Peter, Iames, and Iohn,
 These be my priests, the feafning of the earth
 VVhich wil not leese, their Savrinesse, I trowe.

Not one of these (for twentie hundreth groats)

VVil teach the text, that byddes him take a wife,
And yet be combred with a concubine.

Not one of these, wil reade the holy write
Which doth forbid, all greedy vsurie,
And yet receiue, a shilling for a pounde.

Not one of these, wil preach of patience,
And yet be found, as angry as a waspe,

Not one of these, can be content to sit
In Tauerms, Innes, or Alehouses all day,
But spends his time, deuoutly at his booke.

Not one of these, will rayle at rulers wrongs,
And yet be blotted, with extortiōn.

Not one of these, will paint out worldly pride,
And he himselfe, as gallaunt as he dare.

Not one of these, rebuketh auarice,
And yet procureth, proude pluralities.

Not one of these, reproueth vanitie
(Whiles he himselfe, with hauke vpon his fist
And houndes at heele,) doth quite forget his text.

Not one of these, corrects contentions,
For trifling things: and yet will sue for tythes.

Not one of these (not one of these my Lord)
Wil be ashame, to do euen as he teacheth.

My priests haue learnt, to pray vnto the Lord,
And yet they trust not in their lyplabour.

My priests can fast, and vse al abstinenſe,
From vice and finne, and yet refuse no meats.

My priests can giue, in charitable wife,
And loue also, to do good almes dedes,
Although they trust, not in their owne deserts.

My priestes can place, all penaunce in the hart,
VVithout regard, of outward ceremonies.

My priests can keepe, their temples vndefyled,
And yet defie, all Superstition.

Lo now my Lorde, what thinke you by my priests ?
Although they were, the last that shewed themselues,
I faide at first, their office was to pray,
And since the time, is such euen now a dayes,
As hath great nede, of prayers truely prayde,
Come forth my priests, and I wil bydde your beades
I wil presume, (although I be no priest)
To bidde you pray, as Paule and Peter prayde.

Then pray my priests, yea pray to god himselfe, The poets Beades
That he vouchsafe, (euen for his Christes sake)
To giue his word, free paassage here on earth,
And that his church (which now is Militant)
May soone be sene, triumphant ouer all,
And that he deigne, to ende this wicked world,
VVhich walloweth stil, in Sinks of filthy finne.

Eke pray my priests, for Princes and for Kings,
Emperours, Monarks, Duks, and all estates, For Princes.
VVhich sway the fworde, of royal gouernment,
(Of whom our Queene, which liues without compare
Must be the chiefe, in bydding of my beades,
Else I deserue, to lese both beades, and bones)
That God giue light, vnto their noble mindes,
To maintaine truth, and therwith stil to wey
That here they reigne, not onely for themselues,
And that they be but flaues to common welth,
Since al their toyles, and all their broken sleepes
Shal scant suffize, to hold it stil vpright.

Tell some (in *Spaine*) how close they kepe their closets,
How felde the winde, doth blow vpon their cheeks,
While as (mene while) their funburnt futours sterue
And pine before, their proceffe be preferrde.
Then pray (my priests) that god wil giue his grace,
To such a prince, his fault in time to mende.

Tel some (in *France*) how much they loue to dance,

VVhile futours daunce, attendaunce at the dore.
Yet pray (my priests) for prayers princes mende.

Tel some (*in Portugale,*) how colde they be,
In setting forth, of right religion :
Which more esteme, the prefent pleasures here,
Then stablishing, of God his holy worde.
And pray (my Priests) least god such princes spit,
And vomit them, out of his angrie mouth.

Tel some (*Italian*) piinces, how they winke
At stinking stewes, and say they are (forsooth)
A remedy, to quench foule filthy luste :
When as (in dede they be the finkes of finne.
And pray (my priests) that God wil not impute
Such wilful facts, vnto such princes charge,
When he himselfe, commaundeth euery man
To do none ill, that good may grow therby.

And pray likewise, for all that rulers be
Bykings commaundes, as their lieftenants here,
Al magistrates, al councellours, and all
That sit in office or Authoritie.

Pray, pray, (my priests) that neither loue nor mede
Do fway their minds, from furdering of right,
That they be not, too faintish nor too sowre,
But beare the bridle, euenly betwene both,
That stel they stoppe, one eare to heare him speake,
Which is accused, absent as he is :
That euermore, they mark what moode doth moue
The mouth which makes, the information,
That faults forpast (so that they be not huge,
Nor do exceed, the bonds of loyaltie)
Do neuer quench, their charitable minde,
When as they see, repentance hold the reines
Of heady youth, which wont to runne astray.
That malice make, no mansion in their minds,
Nor envy frete, to see how vertue clymes.
The greater Birth, the greater glory sure,
If deeds mainteine, their auncestors degree.

For al nobilitie and
counselors.

Ekepray (my Priests) for them and for yourselues,
For the
clergie.
 For Bishops, Prelats, Archdeanees, deanes, and I'riests
 And al that preach, or otherwise professe
 Gods holy word, and take the cure of soules.
 Pray pray that you, and euery one of you,
 Make walke vpright, in your vocation.
 And that you shine like lamps of perfect life,
 To lende a light, and lanterne to our feete.

Say therewithal, that some, (I see them I
 VVheras they fling, in *Flaunders* all afarre,
 For why my glasse, wil shew them as they be)
 Do neither care, for God nor yet for deuill,
 So libertie, may launch about at large.

And some again (I see them wel enough
 And note their names, in *Liegelande* where they lurke)
 Vnder pretence, of holy humble harts
 Would plucke adowne, al princely *Dyademe*.
 Pray, pray (my priests) for these, they touch you neere.

Shrinke not to say, that some do (Romainelike)
 Esteme their pall, and habyte ouermuche.
 And therfore pray (my priests) leſt pride preuaile.

Pray that the soules, of fundrie damned goſts,
 Do not come in, and bring good euidence
 Before the God, which iudgeth al mens thoughts,
 Of ſome whose welth, made them neglect their charge
 Til ſecret finnes (vntoucht) infecte their flockes
 And bredde a ſcab, which brought the ſhep to bane.

Some other ranne, before the greedy woolfe,
 And left the folde, vnfended from the fox
 Which durſt not barke, nor bawle for both theyr eares.
 Then pray (my priests) that ſuch no more do ſo.

Pray for the nources, of our noble Realme,
 I meane the worthy Vniuerſities,

(And *Cantabridge*, shal haue the dignitie,
Wherof I was, vnworthy member once)
That they bring vp their babes in decent wife :
That *Philosophy*, smel no secret smoke,
Which *Magike* makes, in wicked mysteries : For a'le
learned.
That *Logike* leape, not ouer euery stile,
Before he come, a furlong neare the hedge,
With curious *Quids*, to maintain argument.
That *Sophistrie*, do not deceiue it selfe,
That *Coymography* keepe his compasse wel,
And such as be, *Historiographers*,
Trust not to much, in euery tatlyng tong,
Nor blynded be, by partialtie.
That *Phisicke*, thriue not ouer fast by murder :
That *Numbring* men, in all their euens and odds
Do not forget, that only *Vnute*
Vnmeasurable, infinite, and one.
That *Geometrie*, measure not so long,
Til all their measures out of measure be :
That *Musike* with, his heauenly harmonie,
Do not allure, a heauenly minde from heauen,
Nor fet mens thoughts, in worldly melodie,
Til heauenly *Hierarchies* be quite forgot :
That *Rhetorick*, learne not to ouerreache :
That *Poetrie*, presume not for to preache,
And bite mens faults, with *Satyres* corosives,
Yet pamper vp hir owne with pultesses :
Or that she dote not vpon *Erato*,
Which shoulde inuoke the good *Caliope* :
That *Astrologie*, looke not ouer high,
And light (meane while) in euery pudled pit :
That *Grammer* grudge not at our enghish tong,
Bycause it stands by *Monosyllaba*,
And cannot be declined as others are.
Pray thus (my priests for vniuersities.
And if I haue forgotten any Arte,
Which hath bene taught, or exercised there.
Pray you to god, the good be not abusde,
With glorious shewe, of ouerlodging skill.

Now these be past, (my priests) yet shal you pray
 For common people, eche in his degree, For the
Cominaltie
 That God vouchsafe to graunt them al his grace.
 Where should I now beginne to bidde my beades ?
 Or who shal first be put in common place ?
 My wittes be wearie, and my eyes are dymme,
 I cannot see who best deserues the roome,
 Stand forth good *Peerce*, thou plowman by thy name,
 Yet so the Sayler faith I do him wrong :
 That one contends, his paines are without peare,
 That other faith, that none be like to his,
 In dede they labour both exceedingly.
 But since I see no shipman that can liue
 Without the plough, and yet I many see
 (Which liue by lande) that neuer fawe the feas :
 Therefore I say, stand forth *Peerce* plowman first,
 Thou winst the roome, by verie worthinesse.

Behold him (priests) and though he stink of sweat
 Disdaine him not : for shal I tel you what ? The
plowman
 Such clime to heauen, before the shauen crownes.
 But how ? forsooth, with true humilytie.
 Not that they hoord, their grain when it is cheape,
 Nor that they kill, the calfe to haue the milke,
 Nor that they set, debate betwene their lords,
 By earing vp the balks, that part their bounds :
 Nor for because, they can both crowche and creep
 (The guilefulst men, that euer God yet made)
 VVhen as they meane, most mischiefe and deceite,
 Nor that they can, crie out on landelordes lowde,
 And say they racke, their rents an ace to high,
 VVhen they themselues, do fel their landlords lambe
 For greater price, than ewe was wont be worth.
 I see you *Peerce*, my glasse was lately scowrde.
 But for they feed, with frutes of their gret paines,
 Both King and Knight, and priests in cloyster pent :
 Therefore I say, that sooner some of them
 Shal scale the walles which leade vs vp to heauen,
 Than cornfed beasts, whose bellie is their God,

Although they preach, of more perfection.

And yet (my priests) pray you to God for *Peerce*,
 As *Peerce* can pinch, it out for him and you.
 And if you haue a *Paternoſter* ſpare
 Then ſhal you pray, for Saylers (God them ſend
 More mind of him, when as they come to lande,
 For towarde ſhipwracke, many men can pray)
 That they once leарne, to ſpeake without a lye,
 And meane good faith, without blaſpheming othes :
 That they forget, to ſteale from euery freight,
 And for to forge, falſe coکets, free to paie,
 That manners make, them giue their betters place,
 And vſe good words, though deeds be nothing gay.

But here me thinks, my priests begin to frownē,
 And ſay, that thus they ſhal be ouerchargde,
 To pray for al, which ſeme to do amiffe :
 And one I heare, more faucie than the reſt,
 VVhich asketh me, when ſhal our prayers end ?
 I tel thee (priest) when ſhoomakers make ſhoes,
 That are wel fowed, with neuer a ſtich amiffe,
 Aud vſe no craſte, in vttring of the fame :
 VVhen Taylours ſteale, no ſtuffe from gentlemen,
 VVhen Tanners are, with Corriers wel agreeede,
 And both ſo drefſe their hydes, that we go dry.
 when Cutlers leauē, to ſel olde rufie blades,
 And hide no crackes, with ſoder nor deceit :
 when tinkers make, no more holes than they founde,
 when thatchers thiſke, their wages worth their worke,
 when colliers put, no dust into their ſacks,
 when maltemen make, vs drink no firmentie,
 when Daui Diker diggs, and dallies not,
 when ſmithes ſho horses, as they would be ſhod,
 when millers, toll not with a golden thumbe,
 when bakers make, not barme beare price of wheat,
 when brewers put, no bagage in their beere,
 when butchers blowe, not ouer al their fleshe,
 when horſecorfers, beguile no friends with Iades.

when weauers weight, is found in huswiues web.
(But why dwel I, so long among these lowts?)

VVhen mercers make, more bones to swere and iye,
VVhen vintners mix, no water with their wine,
VVhen printers passe, none erroours in their bookeſ,
VVhen hatteis vſe, to bye none olde cast robes,
VVhen goldſmithes get, no gains by fodred crownes.
When vpholſters, fel fethers without dust,
When pewterers, infect no Tin with leade,
When drapers draw, no gaineſ by giuing day,
When perchmentiers, put in no ferret Silke,
When Suigeons heale, al wounds without delay.
(Tush these are toys, but yet my glas sheweth al.)

When purveyours, prouide not for themſelues,
VVhen Takers, take no brybes, nor vſe no brags,
When customers, conceale no covine vſde,
VVhen Seachers fee, al coiners in a ſhippe,
(And ſpie no pens by any fight they fee)
VVhen shruiues do ferue, al proceſſe as they ought,
VVhen baylifes ſtrain, none other thing but ſtrays,
VVhen auditours, their counters cannot change,
VVhen proude furueyours, take no parting pens,
VVhen Siluer ſticks not on the Tellers fingers,
And when receiuers, pay as they receiue,
When al theſe folke, haue quite forgotten fraude.

(Againe (my priests) a little by your leauue)
VVhen Sicophants, can finde no place in courte,
But are eſpied, for *Echoes*, as they are,
When royftrs ruffle not aboue their rule,
Nor colour crafte, by fweareing precious coles :
Whēn Fencers fees, are like to apes rewards,
A peece of breade, and therwithal a bobbe
VVhen *Lays* liues, not like a ladies peare,
Nor vieth art, in dying of hir heare.
When al theſe things, are ordred as they ought,
Aud ſee themſelues, within my glafie of Steele,
Euen then (my priests) may you make holyday.

THE STEEL GLAS.

And pray no more but ordinairie prayers.

And yet therin, I pray you (my good priests)
Pray stiil for me, and for my Glasse of steele
That it (nor I) do any minde offend,
Bycause we shew, all colours in their kinde.
And pray for me, that (since my hap is such
To see men so) I may perceiue myselfe.
O worthy words, to ende my worthlesse verfe,
Pray for me Priests, I pray you pray for me.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.



EPILOGVS.



Las (my lord) my haft was al to hote,
I shut my glasse, before you gasde
your fill,
And at a glimfe, my feely selfe haue
spied,
A stranger trowpe, than any yet
were fene:
Beholde (my lorde) what monsters
muster here,

With Angels face, and harmefull helish harts,
With smyling lookes, and depe deceitful thoughts,
With tender skinnes, and stony cruel mindes,
With stealing sleppes, yet forward feete to fraude.
Behold, behold, they neuer stande content,
With God, with kinde, with any helpe of Arte,
But curle their locks, with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their heare, with sundry subtille sleights,
But paint and flicke, til fayrest face be foule,
But bumbaft, bolster, frisle, and perfume:
They marre with muske, the balme which nature made,
And dig for death, in delicatest dishes.
The yonger sorte, come pyping on apace,
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Til they haue caught, the birds for whom they bryded.
The elder sorte, go stately stalking on,
And on their backs, they beare both land and fee,
Castles and Towres, revenewes and receits,
Lordships, and manours, fines, yea fermes and al.
What shoulde these be? (speake you my louely lord)
They be not men: for why? they haue no beards.
They be no boyes, which weare such fide long gowns.
They be no Gods, for al their gallant gloffe.
They be no diuels, (I trow) which feme so faintish.
What be they? women? masking in mens weedes?

With dutchkin dublets, and with Ierkins iaggde?
 With Spanish fpangs, and ruffes fet out of France,
 With high copt hattes, and fethers flaunt a flaunt?
 They be so sure euen *VVo* to *Men* in dede.
 Nay then (my lorde) let shut the glasse apace,
 High time it were, for my pore Muse to winke,
 Since al the hands, al paper pen, and inke,
 Which euer yet, this wretched world possest,
 Cannot describe, this Sex in colours dewe,
 No no (my Lorde) we gased haue inough,
 (And I too much, God pardon me therfore)
 Better loke of, than loke an ace to farre:
 And better mumme, than meddle ouermuch.
 But if my Glasse, do like my louely lorde,
 VVe wil espie, some funny Sommers day,
 To loke againe, and see some semely fights.
 Meane while, my Muse, right humbly doth besech,
 That my good lorde, accept this ventrous verse,
 Vntil my braines, may better stiffe deuise.

FINIS:

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.





The complaynt
of Philomene.

An Elegye Compyled by
George Gascoigne
Esquire.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.



IMPRINTED AT
London by Henrie Binne-
man for Richard
Smith.

Anno Domini 1576.

To the right honorable, my

singuler good Lord, the *L. Gray* of
Wilton, Knight of the most noble
order of the Garter



Yght noble, when I had determined with myself to write the *Satire* before recited (called the *Steele Glaffe*) and had in myne *Exordium* (by allegorie) compared my case to that of fayre *Phylomene*, abused by the bloody king hir brother by lawe: I called to minde that twelue or thirteene yeares past, I had begonne an *Elegye* or forrowefull song, called the *Complainte* of *Phylomene*, the which I began too deuise riding by the high way betwene Chelmissford and London, and being ouertaken with a sodaine dash of Raine, I changed my copy, and stroke ouer into the *De profundis* which is placed amongst my other *Poesies*, leuing the complaint of *Phylomene* vnfinished: and so it hath continued euer since vntil this present moneth of April. 1575. when I begonne my *Steele Glaffe*. And bycause I haue in mine *Exordium* to the *Steele Glaffe*, begonne with the Nightingales notes: therfore I haue not thought amisse now to finish and pece vp the saide *Complaint* of *Philomene*, obseruing neverthelesse the same determinate inuention which I had propounded and begonne (as is saide) twelue yeares nowe past. The which I presume with the rest to present vnto your honor, nothing doubting but the same wil accept my good entente therin. And I furder beseeche that your lordship wil voutsafe in reading therof, to gesse (by change of style) where the renewing of the verse may bee most apparantly thought to begin. I wil no furder trouble your honor with these rude lines, but besech of the almighty long to preferue you to his pleasure. From my pore house in VValkamstowe the sixteenth of April 1575.

*Your L. bounden and most assured
George Gascoigne.*

PHILOMENE.



N sweet April, the messenger to
May,
When hoonie drops, do melt in
golden showres,
When euery byrde, records hir
louers lay,
And westerne windes, do foster forth
our floures,

Late in an euen, I walked out alone,
To heare the descant of the Nightingale,
And as I stooode, I heard hir make great moane,
Waymenting much, and thus she tolde hir tale.

These thrifles birds (quoth she) which spend the day,
In needleffe notes, and chaunt withouten skil,
Are costly kept, and finely fedde alway
With daintie foode, whereof they feede their fil.
But I which spend, the darke and dreadful night,
In watch and ward, when those birds take their rest,
Forpynge my selfe, that Louers might delight,
To heare the notes, which breake out of my breste.
I leade a life, to please the Louers minde,
(And though god wot, my foode be light of charge,
Yet feely soule, that can no fauour finde)
I begge my breade, and seke for seedes at large.
The Throstle she, which makes the wood to ring
With shryching lowde, that lothsome is to heare,
Is costly kept, in cage: (O wondrouſ thing)
The Mauis eke, whose notes are nothing cleare,
Now in good footh (quoth she) sometimes I wepe
To see Tom Tyttimouse, so much set by.
The Finche, which singeth neuer a note but peepe,
Is fedde awel, nay better farre than I.
The Lennet and the Larke, they singe alofte,
And coumpted are, as Lordes in high degree.
The Brandlet faith, for singing sweete and foite,
(In hir conceit) there is none such as she.

Canara byrds, come in to beare the bell,
 And Goldfinches, do hope to get the gole :
 The tatling Awbe doth please some fancie wel,
 And some like best, the byrde as Black as cole.
 And yet could I, if so it were my minde,
 For harmony, set al these babes to schole,
 And sing such notes, as might in euery kinde
 Disgrace them quight, and make their corage coole
 But should I so? no no so wil I not.
 Let brutish beasts, heare such brute birds as those.
 (For like to like, the prouerbe faith I wot)
 And should I then, my cunning skil disclose?
 For such vnkinde, as let the cuckowe flye,
 To fucke mine eggs, whiles I sit in the thicke?
 And rather praise, the chattring of a pye,
 Than hir that sings, with brest against a pricke?
 Nay let them go, to marke the cuckowes talke,
 The iangling Iay, for that becomes them wel.
 And in the silent night then let them walke,
 To heare the Owle, how she doth shryche and yel.
 And from henceforth, I wil no more constraine
 My pleasant voice, to founde, at their request.
 But shrowd my selfe, in darkesome night and raine,
 And learne to cowche, ful close vpon my neast.
 Yet if I chaunce, at any time (perafe)
 To sing a note, or twaine for my disporte,
 It shalbe done, in some such secret place,
 That fewe or none, may thervnto resorte.
 These flatterers, (in loue) which falsehood meane,
 Not once aproch, to heare my pleasant song.
 But such as true, and stedfast louers bene,
 Let them come neare, for else they do me wrong.
 And as I gesse, not many miles from hence,
 There stands a squire, with pangs of sorrow prest,
 For whom I dare, auowe (in his defence)
 He is as true, (in Loue) as is the best.

Him wil I cheare, with chaunting al this night :
 And with that word, she gan to cleare hir thoate.
 But such a liuely song (now by this light)

Yet neuer hearde I such another note.
 It was (thought me) so pleasant and so plaine,
Orphaeus harpe, was neuer halfe so sweete,
Tereu, Tereu, and thus she gan to plaine,
 Most piteoufly, which made my hart to greeue,

Hir second note, was *fy, fy, fy, fy, fy*,
 And that she did, in pleasant wise repeate,
 With sweete reports, of heauenly harmonie,
 But yet it seemd, hir gripes of griefe were greate.
 For when she had, so soong and taken breath,
 Then shold you heare, hir heauy hart so throbbe,
 As though it had bene, ouercome with death,
 And yet alwayes, in euery sigh and sobbe,

She shewed great skil, for tunes of vnifone,
 Hir *Iug, Iug, Iug*, (in griefe) had such a grace.
 Then stinted she, as if hir song were done.
 And ere that paft, not ful a furlong space,
 She gan againe, in melodie to melt,
 And many a note, she warbled wondrous wel.
 Yet can I not (although my hart should fwelt)
 Remember al, which hir sweete tong did tel.

But one strange note, I noted with the rest
 And that faide thus: *Nemesis, Nemesis*,
 The which me thought, came boldly from hir breft,
 As though she blamde, (therby) some thing amisfe.

Short tale to make, hir singing sounded so,
 And please mine eares, with such varietie,
 That (quite forgetting all the wearie wo,
 Which I my selfe felt in my fantasie)
 Stoode astoynde, and yet therwith content,
 Visching in hart that (since I might aduant,
 Of al hir speech to knowe the plaine entent,
 Which grace hirselfe, or else the Gods did graunt)
 might therwith, one furder fauor craue,
 To vnderstand, what hir fwete notes might meane.
 And in that thought, (my whole desire to haue)

I fell on sleepe, as I on staffe did leane.
And in my slomber, had I such a fight,
As yet to thinke theron doth glad my minde.
Me thought I sawe a derling of delight,
A stately Nymph, a dame of heauenly kinde.
Whose glittring gite, so glimsed in mine eyes,
As (yet) I not, what proper hew it bare,
Ne therewithal, my wits can wel deuise,
To whom I might hir louely lookes compare.
But trueth to tel, (for al hir smyling cheere)
She cast sometimes, a grieuous frowning glance,
As who would say : by this it may appeare,
That *Iust reuenge*, is *Prest for euery chance*,
In hir right hand, (which to and fro did shake)
She bare a skourge, with many a knottie string,
And in hir left, a snaffle Bit or brake,
Bebost with gold, and many a gingling ring :
She came apace, and stately did she stay,
And whiles I seemd, amazed very much,
The courteous dame, these words to me did say :
Sir Squire (quoth she) since thy desire is such,
To vnderstande, the notes of *Phylomene*,
(For so she hight, whom thou calst Nightingale)
And what the sounde, of euery note might meane,
Gue eare a while, and hearken to my tale.

The Gods are good, they heare the harty prayers,
Of such as craue without a craftie wil,
With fauour eke, they furder such affaires,
As tende to good, and meane to do none il.
And since thy words, were grounded on desire,
Wherby much good, and little harme can growe,
They graunted haue, the thing thou didst require,
And louingly, haue sent me here bylowe,
To paraphrase, the piteous pleasant notes,
Which *Phylomene*, doth darkely spend in spring,
For he that wel, *Dan Nasoes* verses notes,
Shall finde my words to be no fained thing.
Gue eare (sir Squire quoth she) and I wil, tel
Both what she was, and how hir fortunes fel.

The fable of Philomela.



*N Athens reignde somtimes,
A king of worthy famc,
VVho kept in courte a stately
traine,
Pandyon was his name.*

And had the Gods him giuen,
No holly breade of happe,
(I meane such fruts as make men thinke
They sit in fortunes lappe).

Then had his golden giftes,
Lyen dead with him in toombe.
Ne but himselfe had none endurde,
The daunger of his doome.

But smyling lucke, bewitcht,
This peereleffe Prince to thinke,
That poyson cannot be conueyde
In draughts of pleasant drinke.

And kinde became so kind,
That he two daughters had,
Of bewtie such and so wel giuen,
As made their father gladde.

*See : see : how highest harmes,
Do lurke in ripeſt Ioyes,
How couerly doth forow ſhownde,
In trymmest worldely toyſ.*

THE COMPLAINT

These iewels of his ioy,
 Became his cause of care,
 And bewtie was the guileful bayte,
 VVhich caught their lues in Snare.

For *Tereus Lord of Thrace*,
 Bycause he came of kings,
 (So weddings made for worldly welth
 Do feme triumphant things)

VWas thought a worthy matche,
Pandyons heire to wedde :
 VWhose eldest daughter chosen was,
 To ferue this king in bedde.

That virgine *Progne* hight,
 And she by whom I meane,
 To tell this woful *Tragedie*,
 VWas called *Phylomene*.

¶ The wedding rytes performde,
 The feasting done and past,
 To *Thrace* with his new wedded spouse
 He turneth at the last.

VWhere many dayes in mirth,
 And iolytie they spent,
 Both satissified with deepe delight,
 And cloyde with al content.

¶ At last the dame desirde
 Hir sister for to see,
 Such coles of kindely loue did feme
 VWithin hir brest to be.

She praiers hir Lorde, of grace,
 He graunts to hir request,
 And hoist vp saile, to seke the coaste,
 VWhere *Phylomene* doth rest.

He past the foming feas,
And findes the pleasant porte,
Of *Athens* towne, which guided him
To King *Pandyons* court.

There : (louingly receivde,
And) welcomde by the king,
He shewde the cause, which thither then
Did his ambaffade bring.

His father him embrast,
His sister kist his cheeke,
In al the court his comming was
Reioyf of euerie Grecce.

O see the sweete deceit,
Which blindest worldly wits,
How common peoples loue by lumpes,
And fancie comes by fits.

The foe in friendly wife,
Is many times embraste,
And he which meanes most faith and troth
By grudging is disgraft.

¶ Faire *Phylomene* came forth
In comely garments cladde,
As one whom newes of sistres helth
Had moued to be gladde,

Or womans wil (perhappes)
Enflamde hir haughtie harte,
To get more grace by crummes of cost,
And princke it out hir parte.

VWhom he no sooner fawe
(I meane this *Thracian* prince)
But streight therwith his fancies fume
All reason did conuince.

THE COMPLEINT

And as the blazing bronde,
 Might kindle rotten reeds :
 Euen so hir looke a secret flame,
 Within his bosome breedes.

He thinks al leyfure long
 Til he (with hir) were gone,
 And hir he makes to moue the mirth,
 VVhich after made hir mone.

Loue made him eloquent
 And if he cravde too much,
 He then excusde him selfe, and faide
 That *Prognes* words were such.

His teares confirmed all
 Teares : like to sisters teares,
 As who shuld say by these fewe drops
 Thy sisters grieve appeares.

So finely could he faine,
 That wickednesse seemde wit,
 And by the lawde of his pretence,
 His lewdnesse was acquit.

Yea *Phylomene* set forth
 The force of his request,
 And cravde (with fighes) hir fathers leauue
 To be hir sisters guest.

And hoong about his necke
 And collingly him kift,
 And for hir welth did seke the woe
 VVherof she little wist.

Meane while stooode *Tereus*,
 Beholding their affectes
 And made those pricks (for his desire
 A spurre in al respects.

And wisht himselfe hir fire,
 VVhen she hir fire embrast,
 For neither kith nor kin could then
 Haue made his meaning chaſt.

¶ The *Grecian* king had not
 The powre for to denay,
 His own deare child, and sonne in lawe
 The thing that both did pray.

And downe his daughter falles,
 To thanke him on hir knee,
 Supposing that for good successe,
 VVhich hardest happe must be.

But (leafe my tale feeme long)
 Their ſhipping is preparede :
 And to the ſhore this aged Greeke,
 Ful princely did them guard.

There (melting into mone)
 He vſde this parting ſpeech :
 Daughter (quoth he) you haue deſire
 Your fifters court to feech.

Your fiftier feemes likewife,
 Your compagnie to craue,
 That craue you both, and *Tereus here*
 The ſelfe ſame thing would haue.

Ne coulde I more withstande
 So many deepe deſires,
 But this (quoth he) remember al
 Your father you requires,

And thee (my ſonne of *Thrace*,)
 I conſtantly coniure,
 By faith, by kin, by men, by gods,
 And al that ſeemeth ſure,

THE COMPLAINT

That father like, thou fende
 My daughter deare from scathe,
 And (since I counte al leasure long)
 Returne hir to me rathe.

And thou my *Phylomene*,
 (Quoth he) come soone againe,
 Thy sisters absence puts thy fyre,
 To too much priuie paine.

Herewith he kist hir cheeke,
 And sent a second kiffe
 For *Prognes* part, and (bathde with teares)
 His daughter doth he blisse.

And tooke the *Thracyans* hand
 For token of his truth,
 VVho rather laught his teares to scorn,
 Than wept with him for ruth.

The sayles are fully spredde,
 And winds did serue at will,
 And forth this traitour king conueies
 His pracie in prison stll.

Ne could the *Barbrous* bloud,
 Conceale his filthy fyre,
Hey: *Victorie* (quoth he) my shippe
 Is fraught with my desire.

VVherewith he fixt his eyes,
 Vpon hir fearefull face,
 And stl behelde hir gestures all,
 And all hir gleames of grace.

Ne could he loke a fide,
 But like the cruel catte
 VVwhich gloating casteth many a glance
 Vpon the felly ratte.

VVhy hold I long discourse?
 They now are come on lande,
 And forth of ship the feareful wenche
 He leadeth by the hande.

Vnto a felly shrowde,
 A sheepecote closely builte
 Amid the woodds, where many a lanib
 Their guiltlesse bloud had spilte,

There (like a lambe,) she stooode,
 And askte with trimbling voice,
 VVhere *Progne* was, whose only sight
 Might make hir to rejoyce.

VVherewith this caytife king
 His lust in lewdnesse lapt,
 And with his filthy fraude ful fast
 This simple mayde entrapt.

And forth he floong the raines,
 Vnbriding blinde desire,
 And ment of hir chaste minde to make
 A fewel for his fire.

And al alone (alone)
 VVith force he hir supprest,
 And made hir yelde the wicked weede
 VVhose flowre he liked best.

What could the virgine doe?
She could not runne away,
Whose forward feete, his harmfull hands
With furious force did stay.

Ahlas what should she fight?
Fewe women win by fight:
Hir weapons were but weake (god knows)
And he was much of might.

THE COMPLAINT

*It booted not to crie,
Since helpe was not at hande,
And stil before hir feareful face,
Hir cruel foe did flande.*

*And yet she (weeping cride)
Vpon hir sisters name,
Hir fathers, and hir brothers (oh)
Whose facte did foyle hir fame.*

*And on the Gods she calde,
For helpe in hir distresse,
But al in vain he wrought his wil
Whose lust was not the leffe.*

¶ The filthie fact once done,
He gaue hir leau to greeete,
And there she sat much like a birde
New scapte from falcons feete.

VWhoſe blood embrues hir ſelfe,
And ſitts in forie plighe,
Ne dare ſhe proine hir plumes again,
But feares a ſecond flight.

At laſt when hart came home,
Discheveld as ſhe fate,
VVith hands vphelde, ſhe tried hir tongue,
To wreake hir woful ſtate.

*O Barbrouſe blood (quoth ſhe)
By Barbrouſe deeds diſgracſt,
Coulde no kinde coale, nor pitties ſparke,
Within thy brefl be plaffe?*

*Could not my fathers heſts,
Nor my moſt ruthful teares,
My maydenhoode, nor thine own yoke,
Affright thy minde with feares?*

*Could not my sisters loue
Once quench thy filthy lust?
Thou forst vs al, and eke thy selfe,
We griev'd, and thou vniust.*

*By thee I haue defilde
My dearest sisters bedde
By thee I compt the life but lost,
Which too too long I ledde.*

*By thee (thou Bigamuſ)
Our fathers grieve must growe,
Who daughters twain, (and two too much)
Vppon thee did bestowe.*

*But ſince my faulfe, thy facte,
My fathers iuft offence,
My sisters wrong, with my reproche,
I cannot ſo diſpence.*

*If any Gods be good
Ff right in heauen do raigne,
If right or wrong may make reuenge,
Thou ſhalt be paide againe.*

*And (wicked) do thy wurſt,
Thou canſt no more but kil:
And oh that death (before this gilte)
Had ouercome my will.*

*Then might my ſoule beneath,
Haue triumpht yet and faide,
That though I died diſcontent,
F livde and dide a mayde.*

¶ Herewith hir ſwelling ſobbes,
Did tie hir tong from talke,
Whiles yet the Thracian tyrant (there)
To heare theſe words did walke.

THE COMPLAINT

And skornefully he cast
 At hir a frowning glaunce,
 VVhich made the mayde to striue for spech,
 And stertling from hir traunce,

¶ *F wil reuenge (quoth she)
 For here I shake off shame,
 And wil (my selfe) bewray this facte
 Therby to foile thy fame.*

*A midde the thickest throngs
 (Ff I haue leaue to go)
 I will pronounce this bloudie deede,
 And blotte thine honor so.*

*If I in deserts dwel,
 The woods, my words shal heare,
 The vts, the hilles, the cragge rocks,
 Shal witnesse with me beare.*

*I will so fil the ayre
 With noyse of this thine acte,
 That gods and men in heauen and earth
 Shal note the naughtie facte.*

¶ These words amazde the king,
 Conscience with choller straue,
 But rage so rackte his restles thought,
 That now he gan to rauue.

And from his sheath a knife
 Ful despratly he drawes,
 VVherwith he cut the guiltlesse tong
 Out of hir tender iawes.

The tong that rubde his gall,
 The tong that tolde but truthe,
 The tong that movde him to be mad,
 And should haue moued ruth.

And from his hand with spight
 This trustie tongue he cast,
 VVhose roote, and it (to wreake this wrong)
 Did wagge yet wondrous fast.

So stirres the serpents taile
 VVhen it is cut in twaine,
 And so it feemes that weakest willes,
 (By words) would ease their paine.

I blush to tell this tale,
 But sure best books say this :
 That yet the butcher did not blush
 Hir bloudy mouth to kisse.

And ofte hir bulke embrast,
 And after quencht the fire,
 VVhich kindled had the furnace first,
 Within his foule desire.

Not herewithal content,
 To *Progne* home he came,
 VVho askt him streight of *Philomene* :
 He (fayning griefe of game,)

Burst out in bitter teares,
 And sayde the dame was dead,
 And fally tolde, what wery life
 Hir father (for hir) ledde.

The *Thracian* Queene cast off
 Hir gold, and gorgeous weede,
 And dreft in dole, bewalde hir death
 VVhom she thought dead in deede.

A sepulchre she builds
 (But for a liuing corse,)
 And prайд the gods on sisters soule
 To take a iust remorse :

THE COMPLAINT

And offred sacrifice,
To all the powers aboue.
Ah traiterous *Thracian Tereus*,
This was true force of loue.

The heauens had whirlid aboute
Twelue yeeres in order due
And twelue times euery flowre and plan
Their liueries did renew,

VVhiles *Philomene* full close
In shepcote stil was clapt,
Enforst to bide by stonie walles
VVhich fast (in hold) hir hapt.

And as those walles forbadde
Hir feete by flight to scape,
So was hir tong (by knife) restrainde,
For to reueale this rape

No remedie remaynde
But onely womans witte,
VVhich sodainly in queintest chance,
Can best it selfe acquit.

And Miserie (amongſt)
Tenne thousand misfchueues moe,
Learnes pollicie in practyses,
As proofe makes men to knowe.

VVith curious needle worke,
A garment gan she make,
Wherin she wrote what bale she bode,
And al for bewties sake.

This garment gan she giue
To trustie Seruants hande,
VVho streight conueid it to the queen
Of *Thracian Tyrants* lande.

VVhen *Progne* red the writ,
 (A wondrous tale to tell)
 She kept it close: though malice made
 Hir venging hart to swell.

And did deferre the deede,
 Til time and place might serue,
 But in hir minde a sharpe reuenge,
 She fully did referue.

O silence feldome feene,
That women counsell keepe,
The cause was this, she wakt hir wits
And lullde hir tong on sleepe.

I speake against my sex,
 So haue I done before,
 But truth is truth, and muste be tolde
 Though daunger keepe the dore.

The thirde yeres rytes renewed,
 VVhich *Bacchus* to belong,
 And in that night the queene prepares
 Reuenge for al hir wrongs.

She (girt in *Bacchus* gite)
 VVith sworde hir selfe doth arme,
 VVith wreathes of vines about hir browes
 And many a needles charme.¹

And forth in furie flings,
 Hir handmaides following fast,
 Vntil with hastie steppes she founde
 The shepecote at the last.

There howling out aloude,
 As *Bacchus* priests do crie,
 She brake the dores, and found the place
 VVhere *Philomene* did lye.

THE COMPLAINT

And toke hir out by force,
 And drest hir *Bacchus* like,
 And hid hir face with boughes and leaues
 (For being knownen by like.)

And brought hir to hir house,
 But when the wretch it knewe,
 That now againe she was so neere
 To *Tereus* vntrue.

She trembled oft for dreade,
 And lookt like ashes pale.
 But *Progne* (now in priuie place)
 Set silence al to fale,

And tooke the garments off,
 Discouering first hir face,
 And sister like did louingly
 Faire *Phylomene* embrace.

There she (by shame abafht)
 Held downe hir weeping eyes,
 As who should say: *Thy right (by me)*
Fs rest in wrongful wife.

And down on the ground she falles,
 VVhich ground she kist hir fill,
 As witnesse that the filthie facte
 VWas done against hir wil.

And cast hir hands to heauen,
 In stede of tong to tell,
 VVhat violence the lecher vsde,
 And how hee did hir quell.

VVherewith the Queene brake off
 Hir piteous pearcing plainte,
 And fware with fwordes (no teares) to venge
 The crafte of this constrainte.

Or if (quoth she) there bee
 Some other meane more fure,
 More stearne, more stoute, then naked fword
 Some mischiefe to procure,

I sweare by al the Gods,
 I shall the same embrace,
 To wreake this wrong with bloudie hande
 Vpon the king of *Thrace*.

Ne will I spare to spende
 My life in sisters cause,
 In sisters? ah what faide I wretch?
 My wrong shall lende me lawes.

I wil the pallace burne,
 VVith al the princes pelfe,
 And in the midst of flaming fire,
 VVil caste the king him selfe.

I wil scrat out thosse eyes,
 That taught him first to lust,
 Or teare his tong from traitors throte,
 Oh that reuenge were iust.

Or let me carue with knife,
 The wicked Instrument,
 VVherewith he, thee, and me abusde
 (I am to mischiefe bent.)

Or sleeping let me seeke
 To fende the soule to hel,
 VVhosse barbarous bones for filthy force,
 Did seeme to heare the bel.

¶ These words and more in rage
 Pronounced by this dame,
 Hir little sonne came leaping in
 VVhich *Fatis* had to name.

THE COMPLAINT

VVhose presence, could not please
 For (vewing well his face,)
 Ah wretch (quoth she) how like he growet
 Vnto his fathers grace.

And therwithal resolvde
 A rare reuenge in deede
 VVheron to thinke (withouten words)
 My woful hart doth bleede.

But when the lad lokt vp,
 And cheerefully did smile,
 And hung about his mothers necke
 VVith easie weight therewhile,

And kist (as children vse)
 His angrie mothers cheeke,
 Her minde was movde to much remorce
 And mad became ful meeke.

Ne could she teares refrayne,
 But wept against hir will,
 Such tender rewth of innocence,
 Hir cruell moode did kill.

At last (so furie wrought)
 VVithin hir brest she felt,
 That too much pitie made hir minde
 Too womanlike to melt,

And saw hir suster fit,
 VVith heauy harte and cheere,
 And now on hir, and then on him,
 Full lowringly did leare,

Into these words she brust
 (Quoth she) why flatters he ?
 And why againe (with tong cut cut)
 So sadly fitteth shee ?

He, mother, mother calles,
 She sister cannot say,
 That one in earnest doth lament,
 That other whines in plaie.

Pandions line (quoth she)
 Remember stile your race,
 And neuer marke the subtil shewes
 Of any Soule in *Thrace*.

You should degenerate,
 If right reuenge you flake,
 More right reuenge can neuer bee,
 Than this reuenge to make.

Al ill that may be thought,
 Al mischiefe vnder skies,
 VVere pietie compard to that
 VVhich *Tereus* did deuise.

¶ She holds no longer hande,
 But (*Tygrelike*) she toke
 The little boy ful boistrouslly
 VVho now for terror quooke

And (crauing mothers helpe,)
 She (mother) toke a blade,
 And in hr sonnes smal tender hart
 An open wound she made.

The cruel dede dispatcht,
 Betwene the sisters twaine
 They tore in peces quarterly
 The corps which they had flaine.

Some part, they hoong on hooks,
 The rest they laide to fire,
 And on the table caused it,
 Be set before the fire.

THE COMPLAINT

And counterfaite a cause
 (As *Grecians* order then)
 That at such feasts; (but onely one,
 They might abide no men.

He knowing not their crafte,
 Sat downe alone to eate,
 And hungerly his owne warme bloud
 Deuoured then for meate.

His ouersight was such,
 That he for *Itis* fent,
 VVose murdered members in his mawe,
 He priuily had pent.

No longer *Progne* then,
 Hir ioy of griefe could hide,
 The thing thou seekst (ð wretch quoth she)
 VVithin thee doth abide.

VVherwith (he waxing wroth)
 And searching for his sonne)
 Came forth at length, faire *Philomene*
 By whom the griefe begonne,

And (clokt in *Bacchus* copes,
 VVherwith she then was cladde,)
 In fathers bosom cast the head
 Of *Itis* selly ladde :

Nor euer in hir life
 Had more desire to speake,
 Than now: wherby hir madding mood
 Might al hir malice wreake.

¶ The *Thracian* prince stert vp,
 VVhose hart did boyle in brest,
 To feele the foode, and see the fawce,
 VVhich he could not digest.

And armed (as he was)
 He followed both the *Greekes*,
 On whom (by smarte of sword, and flame)
 A sharpe reuenge he sekes.

But when the heauenly benche,
 These bloudie deedes did see,
 And found that bloud stil couits bloud
 And so none ende could be.

They then by their forslight
 Thought meete to stinte the strife,
 And so restraind the murdring king,
 From sister and from wife.

So that by their decree,
 The yongest daughter fledde
 Into the thicks, where couertly,
 A cloister life she ledde.

And yet to ease hir woe,
 She worthily can sing,
 And as thou hearst, can please the eares
 Of many men in spring.

The eldest dame and wife
 A *Swallowe* was affignde,
 And builds in smoky chimney toppes
 And flies against the winde.

The king him selfe condemnde,
 A *Lapwing* for to be,
 VVho for his yong ones cries alwaies,
 Yet neuer can them see.

The lad a Pheasaunt cocke
 For his degree hath gaind,
 VVhose blouddie plumes declare the bloud
 VVherwith his face was staind.

THE COMPLAINT

¶ But there to turne my tale,
The which I came to tell,
Theyongest dame toforrests fled,
And there is dampnde to dwell.

An exposi-
tion of al
such notes
as the nigh-
tingale doth [h]
commonly
use to sing.

And *Nightingale* now namde
VVhich (*Phylomela* hight)
Delights for (feare of force againe)
To sing alwayes by night.

But when the sunne to west,
Doth bende his weerie course,
Then *Phylomene* records the rewth,
VVhich craueth iust remorse.

i And for hir foremost note,
Tereu Tereu, doth sing,
Complaining stiil vpon the name
Of that false *Thracian* king

Much like the childe at schole
VVith byrchen rodds fore beaten,
If when he go to bed at night
His maister chaunce to threaten,

In euery dreame he starts,
And (ð good maister) cries,
Euen so this byrde vpon that name,
Hir foremost note replies.

Or as the red breast byrds,
VVhome prettie Merlynes hold,
Ful fast in foote, by winters night
To fende themselues from colde:

Though afterwards the hauke,
For pitie let them scape,
Yet al that day, they fede in feare,
And doubte a second rape.

And in the nexter night,
 Ful many times do crie,
 Remembring yet the ruthful plight
 VVherein they late did lye.

Euen so this felly byrde,
 Though now tranfformde in kinde,
 Yet euermore hir pangs forepast,
 She beareth stiil in minde.

And in hir foremost note,
 She notes that cruel name,
 By whom she lost hir pleasant speech
 And foiled was in fame.

^{2 ¶} Hir second note is *fye*,
 In Greeke and latine *phy*,
 In english *fy*, and euery tong
 That euer yet read I.

VVhich word declares disdaine,
 Or lothsome leying by
 Of any thing we taft, heare, touche,
 Smel, or beholde with eye.

In taft, phy sheweth some fowre.
 In hearing, some discorde,
 In touch, some soule or filthy toye,
 In smel, some sent abhorde.

In fight, some lothsome loke,
 And euery kind of wai,
 This byword phy betokneth bad,
 And things to caft away.

So that it seemes hir well,
Phy, phy, phy, phy, to sing,
 Since *phy* befytteh him so well
 In euery kind of thing.

THE COMPLAINT

Phy filthy lecher lewde,
 Phy falfe vnto thy wife,
 Phy coward phy, (on womankinde)
 To vse 'hy cruel knife.

Phy for thou wert vnkinde,
 Eye fierce, and foule forsworne,
 Phy monster made of murdring mould
 VVhose like was neuer borne.

Phy agony of age,
 Phy ouerthrowe of youth,
 Phy mirrour of mischeuousnesse,
 Phy, tipe of al vntruth.

Phy fayning forced teares,
 Phy forging fyne excuse,
 Phy perury, fy blasphemy,
 Phy bed of al abuse.

These physes, and many moe,
 Pore *Philomene* may meane,
 And in hir selfe she findes percase,
 Some *phy* that was vncleane.

For though his fowle offence,
 May not defended bee,
 Hir sister yet, and she tragedest,
 Though not so deepe as he.

His doome came by deserfe,
 Their dedes grewe by disclaine,
 But men must leauue reuenge to Gods.
 VVhat wrong souuer raigne.

Then *Progne* phy for thee,
 VVhich kildst thine only child,
 Phy on the cruel crabbed heart
 VVhich was not movde with milde.

Phy phy, thou clofe conveydſt
 A ſecret il vnfene,
 Where (good to kepe in councel cloſe)
 Had putrifide thy ſplene.

Phy on thy ſisters facte,
 And phy hir ſelfe doth fing,
 VVhoſe lack of tong nere toucht hir ſo
 As when it could not ſting.

Phy on vs both faith ſhe,
 The father onely faulted,
 And we (the father free therewhile)
 The ſelly ſonne affalted.

3 ¶ The next note to hir phy
 Is *Iug, Iug, Iug, I* geſſe,
 That might I leauē to latyniſts,
 By learning to exprefie.

Some commentaries make
 About it much adoe:
 If it ſhould onely *Iugum* meane
 Or *Fugulator* too.

Some thinke that *Iugum* is
 The *Iug*, ſhe iugleth ſo,
 But *Iugulator* is the word
 That doubleth al hir woe.

For when ſhe thinkes thereon,
 She beares them both in minde,
 Him, breaker of his bonde in bed,
 H̄ir, killer of h̄ir kinde.

As fast as furies force
 H̄ir thoughts on him to thinke,
 So fast hir conſcience choks h̄ir vp,
 And wo to wrong doth linke.

THE COMPLAINT

At last (by griefe constrainde)
 It boldly breaketh out,
 And makes the hollow woods to ring
 VVith *Echo* round about.

4 ¶ Hir next most note (to note)
 I neede no helpe at al,
 For I my selfe the partie am
 On whom she then doth call.

She calles on *Nemesis*
 And *Nemesis* am I,
 The Goddesse of al iust reuenge,
 VVho let no blame go by.

This bridle boſt with gold,
 I beare in my left hande,
 To holde men backe in rashest rage,
 Vntil the cause be scand.

And ſuch as like that bitte
 And beare it willingly,
 May ſcape this ſcourage in my right hand
 Although they trode awry.

But if they hold on head,
 And ſcorne to beare my yoke,
 Oft times they buy the roſt ful deare,
 It ſmelleth of the smoke.

This is the cause (fir Squire
 Quoth ſhe) that *Phylomene*
 Doth cal fo much vpon my name,
 She to my lawes doth leane :

She feeles a iust ſeuenge.
 Of that which ſhe hath done,
 Constrainde to vſe the day for night,
 And makes the moone hir funne.

Ne can she now complaine,
 (Although she lost hir tong)
 For sincé that time, ne yet before,
 No byrde so fwetely foong.

That gift we Gods hir gaue,
 To countervaile hir woe,
 I sat on bench in heauen my selfe
 VVhen it was graunted so.

And though hir foe be fledde,
 But whither knows not she,
 And like hir selfe tranformed eke
 A felly byrde to bee :

On him this sharpe reuenge
 The Gods and I did take,
 He neither can beholde his brats,
 Nor is belovde of make.

As soone as coles of kinde
 Haue warmed him to do
 The felly shift of dewties dole
 VVhich him belongeth to :

His hen straight way him hates,
 And fieth farre him fro,
 And close conueis hir eggs from him,
 As from hir mortal foe.

As sone as she hath hatcht,
 Hir little yong ones runne,
 For feare their dame should serue them este,
 As *Progne* had begonne.

And rounde about the fields
 The furious father flies,
 To feke his sonne, and filles the ayre
 VVith loude lamenting cries.

This lothsome iife he leads
 By our almighty dome,
 And thus sings she, where company
 But very seldome come.

Now left my faithful tale
 For fable shold be taken,
 And therevpon my curtesie,
 By thee might be forfaken :

Remember al my words,
 And beare them wel in minde,
 And make thereof a metaphore,
 So shalt thou quickly finde.

Both profite and pastime,
 In al that I thee tel :
 I knowe thy skil wil ferue therto,
 And so (quoth she) farewell.

Wherewith (me thought) she flong so fast
 away,
 That scarce I could, hir seemely shaddowe see.
 At last : my staffe (which was mine onely stay)
 Did slippe, and I, must needes awaked be,
 Against my wil did I (God knowes) awake,
 For willingly I could my selfe content,
 Seuen dayes to sleepe for *Philomel's* sake,
 So that my sleepe in such fwete thoughts were spent.
 But you my Lord which reade this ragged verse,
 Forgiue the faults of my so sleepy muse,
 Let me the heast of *Nemesis* rehearse,

The au-
 thor conti-
 neveth
 his dis-
 course and
 concludeth.

For sure I see, much sense therof ensues.
 I feeme to see (my Lord) that lechers lust,
 Procures the plague, and vengaunce of the highest,
 I may not say, but God is good and iust,
 Although he scoure the furdeſt for the nighest :
 The fathers fault lights sometime on the sonne,
 Yea foure diſcents it beares the burden ſtil,
 Whereby it falles (when vaine delight is done)
 That dole ſteppes in and wields the world at wil.
 O whoredom, whoredome, hope for no good happe,
 The beſt is bad that lights on lechery
 And (al wel weyed) he ſits in Fortunes lappe,
 Which feeles no sharper ſcourage than beggery.
 You princes peeres, you comely courting knightis,
 Which vſe al arte to marre the maidens mindes,
 Which win al dames with baite of fonde delights,
 Which bewtie force, to looſe what bountie bindes :
 Thinke on the ſcourage that *Nemesis* doth beare,
 Remember this, that God (although he winke)
 Doth ſee al finnes that euer ſecret were.
(Vae vobis) then which ſtill in finne do finke.
 Gods mercy lends you brydles for desire,
 Hold backe betime, for feare you catch a foyle,
 The flesh may ſpurre to euerlaſting fire,
 But ſure, that horſe which tyreth like a roile,
 And lothes the grieſe of his forgaled ſides,
 Is better, muſt than is the harbrainde colte
 Which headlong runnes and for no bridle bydes,
 But hunteſ for finne in euery hil and holte.
 He which is ſingle, let him ſpare to ſpil
 The flowre of force, which makes a famous man :
 Lest when he comes to matrimonies will,
 His fyneſt graine be burnt, and ful of branne.
 He that is yokte and hath a wedded wife,
 Be wel content with that which may fuffyſe,
 And (were no God) yet feare of worldly ſtrife
 Might make him lothe the bed where *Lays* lies :
 For though *Pandyons* daughter *Progne* ſhee,
 Were ſo transformde into a fethered foule,

Yet feemes she not withouten heires to be,
 Who (wrongde like hir) ful angrely can scoule,
 And beare in breſt a right reuenging mode,
 Til time and place, may ſerue to worke their will.
 Yea ſurely ſome, the best of al the broode
 (If they had might) with furious force would kil.
 But force them not, whosē force is not to force.
 And way their words as blaſts of bluſtring winde,
 VVhich comes ful calme, when ſtormes are paſt by
 courſe:

Yet God aboue that can both loſe and bynde,
 VVil not fo ſoone appeaſed be therefore,
 He makes the male, of female to be hated,
 He makes the fire go fighing wondrouſ ſore,
 Because the ſonne of ſuch is ſeldome rated.
 I meane the fonnes of ſuch rafh finning fires,
 Are ſeldome ſene to runne a ruly race.
 But plague (be like) by fathers foule deſires
 Do gadde a broade, and lacke the guide of grace
 Then (Lapwinglike) the father flies about,
 And howles and cries to ſee his children stray,
 Where he him ſelfe (and no man better) mought
 Haue taught his bratts to take a better way.
 Thus men (my Lord) be *Metamorphofed*,
 From ſeemely ſhape, to byrds, and ougly beaſtes :
 Yea brauest dames, (if they amifle once tredde)
 Finde bitter ſauce, for al their pleaſant feaſts.
 They muſt in fine condenmed be to dwell
 In thickes vnſeeene, in mewes for minyons made,
 Vntil at laſt, (if they can *bryde it wel*)
 They may *chop chalke*, and take ſome better trade.
 Beare with me (Lord) my luſting dayes are done,
 Fayre *Phylomene* forbad me fayre and flat
 To like ſuch loue, as is with luſt begonne.
 The lawfuſ loue is beſt, and I like that.
 Then if you fee, that (Lapwinglike) I chaunce,
 To leape againe, beyond my lawfuſ reache,
 (I take hard taske) or but to giue a glaunce,
 At bewties blaſe : for ſuch a wilful breacbie,

Of promise made, my Lord shal do no wrong,
To fay (*George*) thinke on *Philomelæs* song.

FINIS.

Tam Marti, quam Mercurio.

AND thus my very good L. may se how coblerlike
I haue clouted a new patch to an olde sole,
beginning this complaunte of *Philomene*, in Aprill, 1562,
continuing it a little furder in Aprill. 1575 and now
hus finished this thirde day of Aprill. 1576.

Al which mine April showers are humbly fent vnto
our good Lordship, for that I hope very shortly to see
he May flowers of your fauour, which I desire, more
han I can deserue. And yet rest

*Your Lordships bownden
and assured.*





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It was in this Sermon, that LATIMER (himself an ex-Bishop) astonished his generation by saying that the Devil was the most diligent Prelate and Preacher in all England “Ye shal never fynde him idle I warraunte you.”

3. STEPHEN GOSSON.

*Stud. Oxon.**The Schoole of Abuse. 1579.*

(a) *The Schoole of Abuse. Containing a pleasaunt invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Commonwealth; Setting up the Flagge of Defiance to their mischievous exercise and ouerthrowing their Bulwarkes, by Prophane Writers, Naturall reason and common experience.* 1579.

(b) *An Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse, against Poets, Pipers, Players, and their Excusers. [Dec.]* 1579.

• This attack is thought to have occasioned SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S writing of the following *Apologie for Poesie*.

GOSSON was, in succession, Poet, Actor, Dramatist, Satirist, and a Puritan Clergyman.

4. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY.

*An Apology for Poetry. [? 1580.]**An Apologie for Poetrie. Written by the right noble, vertuous, and learned Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, Knight. 1595.*

H. W. LONGFELLOW. The defence of Poetry is a work of rare merit. It is a golden little volume, which the scholar may lay beneath his pillow, as CHRYSOSTOM did the works of ARISTOPHANES.—*North American Review*, p. 57. January, 1832.

The Work thus divides itself:—

- The Etymology of Poetry.*
- The Anatomy of the Effects of Poetry.*
- The Anatomy of the Parts of Poetry.*
- Objections to Poetry answered.*
- Criticism of the existing English Poetry.*

5. EDWARD WEBBE,

*A Chief Master Gunner.**Travels. 1590.*

The rare and most wonderfule thinges which EDWARD WEBBE an Englishman borne, hath seene and passed in his troublesome trauailes, in the Citties of Ierusalem, Damasko, Bethel and Galey: and in all the landes of Iewrie, Egipt, Grecia, Russia, and in the Land of Prester John.

Wherein is set foorth his extreame slauerie sustained many yeres togither, in the Gallies and wars of the great Turk against the Landes of Persia, Tartaria, Spaine, and Portugall, with the manner of his releasement and coming to England. [1590.]

6. JOHN SELDEN.

Table Talk. [1634-1654.]

Table Talk: being the Discourses of JOHN SELDEN, Esq.; or his Sence of various Matters of weight and high consequence, relating especially to Religion and State. 1689.

S. T. COLERIDGE. There is more weighty bullion sense in this book than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer. O! to have been with SELDEN over his glass of wine, making every accident an outlet and a vehicle of wisdom.—*Literary Remains*, iii. 361-2. Ed. 1836.

H. HALLAM. This very short and small volume gives, perhaps, a more exalted notion of SELDEN's natural talents than any of his learned writings.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, iii. 347. Ed. 1836.

Above all things, Liberty.

7. ROGER ASCHAM.

Toxophilus. 1544

Toxophilus, the Schole of Shootinge, conteyned in two bookeſ. To all Gentlemen and yomen of Englannde, pleasaunte for theyr pastime to rede, and profitable for theyr use to follow both in war and peace.

In a dialogue between *TOXOPHILUS* and *PHILOLOGUS*, ASCHAM not only gives us one of the very best books on Archery in our language, but as he tells King Henry VIII., in his Dedication, "this little treatise was purposed, begun, and ended of me, onelie for this intent, that Labour, Honest pastime, and Vertu might recover againe that place and right, that Idlenesse, Unthrifte Gaming, and Vice hath put them fro."

8. JOSEPH ADDISON.

Criticism on *Paradise Lost*. 1711-1712.

From the *Spectator*, being its Saturday issues between 31 December, 1711, and 3 May, 1712. In these papers, which constitute a Primer to *Paradise Lost*, ADDISON first made known, and interpreted to the general English public, the great Epic poem, which had then been published nearly half a century.

After a general discussion of the *Fable*, the *Characters*, the *Sentiments*, the *Language*, and the *Defects* of MILTON's Great Poem; the Critic devotes a Paper to the consideration of the *Beauties* of each of its Twelve Books.

9. JOHN LYLY,

Novelist, Wit, Poet, and Dramatist.

Euphues. 1579-1580.

EUPHVES, the Anatomy of Wit. Very pleasant for all Gentlemen to reade, and most necessary to remember.

VVherein are conteined the delights that Wit followeth in his youth, by the pleasantnesse of loue, and the happinesse he reapeth in age by the perfectnesse of Wisedome. 1579.

EUPHUES and his England. Containing his voyage and aduentures, myxed with sundry pretie discourses of honest Loue, the description of the countrey, the Court, and the manners of that Isle. 1580.

Of great importance in our Literary History.

10. GEORGE VILLIERS,

Second Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

The Rehearsal. 1671.

The Rehearsal, as it was Acted at the Theatre Royal.

Many of the passages of anterior plays that were parodied in this famous Dramatic Satire on DRYDEN in the character of *BAYES*, are placed on opposite pages to the text. BRIAN FAIRFAX's remarkable life of this Duke of BUCKINGHAM is also prefixed to the play.

The Heroic Plays, first introduced by Sir W. D'AVENANT, and afterwards greatly developed by DRYDEN, are the object of this laughable attack LACY, who acted the part of *BAYES*, imitated the dress and gesticulation of DRYDEN.

The Poet repaid this compliment to the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, in 1681, by introducing him in the character of *ZIMRA* in his *ABSOLOM and CHITOPHEL*.

11. GEORGE GASCOIGNE,

Soldier and Poet.

The Steel Glass, &c. 1576.

(a) *A Remembrance of the wel imployed life, and godly end, of GEORGE GASKOIGNE, Esquire, who deceased at Stamford in Lincoln shire, the 7 of October, 1577. The reporte of GEOR. NHETSTONS, Gent. 1577.*

There is only one copy of this metrical Life. It is in the Bodleian Library.

(b) *Certayne notes of instruction concerning the making of verse or ryme in English. 1575.*

This is our First printed piece of Poetical Criticism.

(c) *The Steele Glas.*

Written in blank verse.

Probably the fourth printed English Satire: those by BARCLAY, ROY, and Mr T. WYATT being the three earlier ones.

(d) *The complaunt of PHILOMENE. An Elegie. 1576.*

12. JOHN EARLE,

Afterwards Bishop of SALISBURY.

Microcosmographie. 1628.

Micro-cosmographie, or a Peece of the World discovered; in Essays and Characters.

This celebrated book of Characters is graphically descriptive of the English social life of the time, as it presented itself to a young Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, including *A She precise Hypocrite, A Sceptic in Religion, a good old man, etc.*

This Work is a notable specimen of a considerable class of books in our literature, full of interest, and which help Posterity much better to understand the Times in which they were written.

13. HUGH LATIMER,
Ex-Bishop of WORCESTER.

Seven Sermons before Edward VI. 1549.

The fyrrste [—seventh] Sermon of Mayster HUGHE LATIMER, whiche he preached before the Kynges Marestie wythin his graces palayce at Westminster on each Friday in Lent. 1549.

Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH. LATIMER, . . . brave, sincere, honest, inflexible, not distinguished as a writer or a scholar, but exercising his power over men's minds by a fervid eloquence flowing from the deep conviction which animated his plain, pithy, and free-spoken Sermons.—*History of England*, II. 291. *Ed.* 1831.

14. Sir THOMAS MORE.

Translation of Utopia. 1516-1557.

A frutefull and pleasant worke of the best state of a publique weale, and of the new yle called Utopia VWritten in Latyn by Sir THOMAS MORE, Knyght, and translated into Englyshe by RALPH ROBYNSON.

LORD CAMPBELL. Since the time of PLATO there had been no composition given to the world which, for imagination, for philosophical discrimination, for a familiarity with the principles of government, for a knowledge of the springs of human action, for a keen observation of men and manners, and for felicity of expression, could be compared to the *Utopia*.—*Lives of the Lord Chancellors (Life of Sir. T. More)*, I. 583. *Ed.* 1845.

In the imaginary country of Utopia, MORE endeavours to sketch out a State based upon two principles—(1) community of goods, no private property, and consequently (2) no use for money

15. GEORGE PUTTENHAM,

A Gentleman Pensioner to Queen ELIZABETH.

The Art of English Poesie. 1589.

The Arte of English Poesie.

Contynued into three Bookes: The first of POETS and POESIE, the second of PROPORTION, the third of ORNAMENT.

W. OLDYS. It contains many pretty observations, examples, characters, and fragments of poetry for those times, now nowhere else to be met with.—*Sir WALTER RALEIGH*, liv. *Ed.* 1736.

O. GILCHRIST. On many accounts one of the most curious and entertaining, and intrinsically one of the most valuable books of the age of QUEEN ELIZABETH. The copious intermixture of contemporary anecdote, tradition, manners, opinions, and the numerous specimens of coeval poetry nowhere else preserved, contribute to form a volume of infinite amusement, curiosity, and value.—*Censura Literaria*, I. 339. *Ed.* 1805.

This is still also an important book on Rhetoric and the Figures of Speech

16. JAMES HOWELL,

of the Council to CHARLES I., afterwards Historiographer to CHARLES II.

Instructions for Foreign Travel. 1642.

Instructions for forreine travelle. Shewing by what cours, and what compasse of time, one may take an exact Survey of the gdomes and States of Christendome, and arrive to the practical vledge of the Languages, to good purpose.

e MURRAY, BÆDEKER, and Practical Guide to the Grand Tour irope, which, at that time, was considered the finishing touch to the late education of an English Gentleman.

e route sketched out by this delightfully quaint Writer, is France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, the Netherlands, and Holland. The allowed is 3 years and 4 months : the months to be spent in travelling, ears in residence at the different cities

17. NICHOLAS UDALL,

Master, first of Eton College, then of Westminster School.

Roister Doister. [1553-1566.]

is is believed to be the first true English Comedy that ever came to the

om the unique copy, which wants a title-page, now at Eton College ; which is thought to have been printed in 1566.

Dramatis Personæ.

JLPH ROISTER DOISTER.

ATTHEW MERRYGRFEK

WIN GOODLUCK, *affianced to Dame CUSTANCE.*

ISTRAM TRUSTY, *his friend.*

OBINET DOUGHTY, "boy" to ROISTER DOISTER.

M TRUEPENNY, *servant to Dame CUSTANCE.*

W SURESBY, *servant to GOODLUCK.*

rivener.

vpx.

me CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE, *a widow.*

ARGERY MUMBLECRUST, *her nurse.*

BET TALKAPACE } *her maidens.*

INOT ALYFACE } *her maidens.*

18. A Monk of Evesham,

The Revelation, &c. 1186[-1410]. 1485.

Here begynnyth a marvellous revelacion that was schewyd lmighty god by sent Nycholas to a monke of Euyshamme yn days of Kynge Richard the fyrst. And the yere of owre lord, LXXXVI.

ie of the rarest of English books printed by one of the earliest of English ers, WILLIAM DE MACLINIA ; who printed this text about 1485, in the me of CAXTON.

e essence of the story is as old as it professes to be ; but contains later ions, the orthography, being of about 1410 It is very devoutly written, contains a curious Vision of Purgatory.

ie writer is a piototype of BUNYAN, and his description of the Gate in Crystal Wall of Heaven, and of the solemn and marvellously sweet of the Bells of Heaven that came to him through it, is very tiful.

19. JAMES I.

A Counterblast to Tobacco. 1604.

- (a) *The Essays of a Prentise, in the Divine Art of Poesie.*

Printed while JAMES VI. of Scotland, at Edinburgh in 1585, and includes *Ane Short treatise, conteining some Reulis and Cautelis to be obseruit and eschewit in Scottis Poesie*, which is another very early piece of printed Poetical Criticism.

- (b) *A Counterblaste to Tobacco.* 1604.

To this text has been added a full account of the *Introduction and Early use of Tobacco in England*. The herb first came into use in Europe as a medicinal leaf for poultices: smoking it was afterwards learnt from the American Indians.

Our Royal Author thus sums up his opinion:—

"A custome lothsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

20. Sir ROBERT NAUNTON,

Master of the Court of Wards.

Fragmenta Regalia. 1653.

Fragmenta Regalia: or Observations on the late Queen ELIZABETH, her Times and Favourites. [1630.]

Naunton writes:—

"And thus I have delivered up this my poor Essay; a little Draught of this great Princess, and her Times, with the Servants of her State and favour."

21. THOMAS WATSON,

Londoner, Student-at-Law.

Poems. 1582-1593.

- (a) *The Ekatomptabia or Passionate Centurie of Loue.*

Divided into two parts: whereof, the first expresseth the Author's sufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie. 1582.

- (b) *MELIBÆUS, Sive Ecloga in obitum Honoratissimi Viri Domini FRANCISCI WALSHAMMI.* 1590.

(c) *The same translated into English, by the Author.* 1590.

(d) *The Tears of Fancie, or Loue disdained.* 1593.

From the unique copy, wanting Sonnets 9-16, in the possession of S CHRISTIE MILLER, Esq., of Britwell.

22. WILLIAM HABINGTON,
Castara. 1640.

CASTARA. The third Edition. Corrected and augmented.

CASTARA was Lady Lucy HERBERT, the youngest child of the first Lord Powis, and these Poems were chiefly marks of affection during a pure courtship followed by a happy marriage. With these, are also Songs of Friendship, especially those referring to the Hon. GEORGE TALBOT

In addition to these Poems, there are four prose Characters, on *A Mistress, A Wife, A Friend, and The Holy Man.*

23. ROGER ASCHAM,
The Schoolmaster. 1570.

The Scholemaster, or plane and perfite way of teachyng children to understand, write, and speake, in Latin tong; but specially purposed for the priuate brynging up of youth in Tentlemen and Noble mens houses, &c.

This celebrated Work contains the story of Lady JANE GREY's delight in reading *PLATO*, an attack on the *Italianated Englishman* of the time, and much other information not specified in the above title

In it, ASCHAM gives us very fully his plan of studying Languages, which may be described as the *double translation of a model book*

24. HENRY HOWARD,
Earl of SURREY.

Sir THOMAS WYATT.
NICHOLAS GRIMALD.

Lord VAUX.

Tottel's Miscellany. 5 June, 1557.

Songes and Sonettes, written by the right honourable Lorde HENRY HOWARD late Earle of SURREY, and other.

With 39 additional Poems from the second edition by the same printer, RICHARD TOTTEL, of 31 July, 1557

This celebrated Collection is the First of our Poetical Miscellanies, and also the first appearance in print of any considerable number of English Sonnets.

TOTTEL in his *Address to the Reader*, says:—

"That to haue wel written in verse, yea and in small parcelles, deserueth great praise, the workes of diuers Latines, Italians, and other, doe proue sufficiently. That our tong is able in that kynde to do as praiseworthely as ye rest, the honorable stile of the noble earle of Surrey, and the weightnesse of the depewittid Sir Thomas Wyat the elders verse, with seuerall graces in sondry good Englishe writers, doe shew abundantly."

25. Rev. THOMAS LEVER,

Fellow and Preacher of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Sermons. 1550.

(a) *A fruitfull Sermon in Paules church at London in the Shroudes.*(b) *A Sermon preached the fourth Sunday in Lent before the Kynges Mkestie, and his honourable Counsell.*(c) *A Sermon preached at Pauls Crosse. 1550.*

These Sermons are reprinted from the original editions, which are of extreme rarity. They throw much light on the communistic theories of the Norfolk rebels, and the one at Paul's Cross contains a curious account of Cambridge University life in the reign of EDWARD VI

26. WILLIAM WEBBE,

Graduate.

A Discourse of English Poetry. 1586.

A Discourse of English Poetrie. Together with the Authors judgement, touching the reformation of our English Verse.

Another of the early pieces of Poetical Criticism, written in the year in which SHAKESPEARE is supposed to have left Stratford for London

Only two copies of this Work are known, one of these was sold for £64

This Work should be read with STANYHURST'S *Translation of Æneid, I.-IV*, 1582, see p. 64. WEBBE was an advocate of English Hexameters; and here translates VIRGIL'S first two Eglogues into them. He also translates into Sapphics COLIN'S Song in the Fourth Eglogue of SPENSER'S *Shepherd's Calendar*.

27. FRANCIS BACON.

afterwards Lord VLRULAM Viscount ST ALBANS

A Harmony of the Essays, &c. 1597-1626.

And after my manner, I alter ever, when I add. So that nothing is finished, till all be finished.—SIR FRANCIS BACON, 27 Feb., 1610-[11](a) *Essays, Religious Meditations, and Places of perswasion and dissuasion* 1597.(b) *The Writings of Sir FRANCIS BACON Knight the Kinges Sollicitor General in Moralitie, Policie, Historie.*(c) *The Essaies of Sir FRANCIS BACON Knight, the Kings Solliciter General.*(d) *The Essays or Counsells, Civill and Morall of FRANCIS Lord VLRULAM, Viscount ST. ALBAN.* 1625.

28. WILLIAM ROY. JEROME BARLOW.

Franciscan Friars.

Read me, and be not wroth! [1528.]

(a) *Rede me and be nott wrothe,
For I saye no thyng but trothe
I will ascende makynge my state so lyte,
That my pompos honoure shall never dye
O Caytyfe when thou thynkest least of all,
With confusion thou shalt have a fall*

This is the famous satire on Cardinal WOLSEY, and is the First English Protestant book ever printed, not being a portion of Holy Scripture. See p 22 for the Fifth such book.
The next two pieces form one book, printed by HANS LUFT, at Marburg, in 1530.

(b) *A proper dyaloge, betwene a Gentillman and a husband-
man, ech compaynyng to other their miserable calamite, through
the ambicion of the clergye.*

(c) *A compendious old treatyse, shewynge, how that we ought
to have the scripture in Englysshe.*

29. Sir WALTER RALEIGH. GERVASE MARKHAM J. H. VAN LINSCHOTEN.

The Last Fight of the "Revenge." 1591.

(a) *A Report of the truth of the fight about the Iles of Acores,
this last ia Sommer. Betwixt the REUENGE, one of her
Maiesties Shippes, and an ARMADA of the King of Spaine.*

[By Sir W. RALEIGH]

(b) *The most honorable Tragedie of Sir RICHARD GRINUILE,
Knight.* 1595.

[By GERVASE MARKHAM]

(c) *[The Fight and Cyclone at the Azores.*

[By JAV HUYGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN.]

Several accounts are here given of one of the most extraordinary Sea fights in our Naval History

30. BARNABE GOOGE.

Eglogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets. 1563.

Egloges, Epitaphes, and Sonettes Newly written by BARNABE GOOGE.

Three copies only known. Reprinted from the *Huth* copy.

In the prefatory *Notes of the Life and Writings of B GOOGE*, will be found an account of the trouble he had in winning MARY DARELL for his wife

A new Literature generally begins with imitations and translations. When this book first appeared, Translations were all the rage among the "young England" of the day. This Collection of original Occasional Verse is therefore the more noticeable. The Introduction gives a glimpse of the principal Writers of the time, such as the Authors of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the Translators of SENECA's *Tragedies*, etc., and including such names as BALDWIN, BAVANDE, BLUNDESTON, NEVILLE, NORTH, NORTON, SACKVILLE, and YELVERTON

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1. William Caxton,
our first Printer

Translation of REYNARD THE FOX. 1481.

[COLOPHON.] *I haue not added ne mynusshed but haue folowed as nyghe as I can my copye which was in dutche / and by me WILLIAM CAXTON translated in to this rude and symple englyssh in th[e] abbey of westmestre.*

Interesting for its own sake, but especially as being translated as well as printed by CAXTON, who finished the printing on 6 June, 1481.

The Story is the History of the Three fraudulent Escapes of the Fox from punishment, the record of the Defeat of Justice by flattering lips and dishonourable deeds. It also shows the struggle between the power of Words and the power of Blows, a conflict between Mind and Matter. It was necessary for the physically weak to have Eloquence the blame of REYNARD is in the fightful misuse he makes of it.

The author says, "There is in the world much seed left of the Fox, which now over all growth and cometh sore up, though they have no red beards."

2. John Knox,
the Scotch Reformer

THE FIRST BLAST OF THE TRUMPET, &c.
1558.

(a) *The First Blast of a Trumpet against the monstrous Regiment of Women.*

(b) *The Propositions to be entreated in the Second BLAST.*

This work was wrung out of the heart of JOHN KNOX, while, at Dieppe, he heard of the martyr fires of England, and was anguished thereby. At that moment the liberties of Great Britain, and therein the hope, of the whole World, lay in the laps of four women—MARY of Lorraine, the Regent of Scotland; her daughter MARY (the Queen of Scots), Queen MARY Tudor, and the Princess ELIZABETH.

The Volume was printed at Geneva.

(c) *KNOX'S apologetical Defence of his FIRST BLAST, &c., to Queen ELIZABETH. 1559.*

3. Clement Robinson,
and divers others.

A HANDFUL OF PLEASANT DELIGHTS.
1584.

A Handeful of pleasant delites, Containing sundrie new Sonets and delectable Histories, in diuers kindes of Meeter. Newly deuised to the newest tunes that are now in use, to be sung euerie Sonet orderly pointed to his proper Tune. With new additions of certain Songs, to verrie late deuised Notes, not commonly knownen, nor used heretofore.

OPHELIA quotes from *A Nosegate, &c.*, in this Poetical Miscellany, of which only one copy is now known.

It also contains the earliest text extant of the *Ladie Greensleeues*, which first appeared four years previously.

This is the Thund printed Poetical Miscellany in our language.

4. [Simon Fish,
of Gray's Inn]A SUPPLICATION FOR THE BEGGARS.
[? 1529.]*A Supplicacyon for the Beggars.*

Stated by J. Fox to have been distributed in the streets of London on Candlemas Day [2 Feb., 1529].

This is the Fifth Protestant book (not being a portion of Holy Scripture) that was printed in the English Language.

The authorship of this anonymous tract, is fixed by a passage in Sir T. MORE's *Apology*, of 1533, quoted in the Introduction.

5. [Rev. John Udall,
Minister at Kingston on Thames.]

DIOTREPHESES. [1588.]

The state of the Church of Englande, laid open in a conference betweene DIOTREPHESES a Byshopp, TERTULLUS a Papiste, DEMETRIUS an usurer, PANDOCHUS an Innekeeper, and PAULE a preacher of the word of God.

This is the forerunning tract of the *MARTIN MARPRELATE Controversy*. For the production of it, ROBERT WALDEGRAVE, the printer, was ruined, and so became available for the printing of the Martinist invectives.

The scene of the Dialogue is in PANDOCHUS's Inn, which is in a posting-town on the high road from London to Edinburgh.

6. [?]

THE RETURN FROM PARNASSUS.
[Acted 1602.] 1606.

The Returne from Pernassus: or The Scourge of Simony. Publiquely acted by the Students in Saint Johns Colledge in Cambridge.

This play, written by a University man in December, 1601, brings WILLIAM KEMP and RICHARD BURBAGE on to the Stage, and makes them speak thus:

"KEMP. Few of the vniuersity pen plaes well, they smell too much of that writer *Ouid* and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of *Proserpina* and *Iuppiter*. Why herees our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I [Ay] and *Ben Jonson* too. O that *Ben Jonson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought vp *Horace* givning the Poets a pill, but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit:

"BURBAGE It's a shrewd fellow indeed."

What this controversy between SHAKESPEARE and JONSON was, has not yet been cleared up. It was evidently recent, when (in Dec., 1601) this play was written.

7. Thomas Decker,

The Dramatist

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS OF
LONDON, &c. 1606.

The seuen deadly Sinnes of London drawn in seuen severall raches, through the seuen severall Gates of the Citie, bringing e Plague with them.

A prose Allegorical Satire, giving a most vivid picture of London life, in October, 1606.

The seven sins are—

FRAUDULENT BANKRUPTCY.

LIVING

CANDLELIGHT (*Deeds of Darkness*)

SLOTH.

APISHNESS (*Changes of Fashion*)

SHAVING (*Cheating*), and CRUELTY.

Their chariots, drivers, pages, attendants, and followers, are all allegorically described

8. *The Editor.*

AN INTRODUCTORY SKETCH TO THE
MARTIN MARPRELATE CONTROVERSY.

1588-1590.

- (a) *The general Episcopal Administration, Censorship, &c.*
- (b) *The Origin of the Controversy.*
- (c) *Depositions and Examinations.*
- (d) *State Documents.*
- (e) *The Brief held by Sir JOHN PUCKERING, against the Martinists.*

The REV J UDALL (who was, however, *not* a Martinist); MRS. CRANE, f Molesey, REV J PENRY, Sir R KNIGHTLEY, of Fawsley, near Northampton, HUMPHREY NEWMAN, the London cobbler, JOHN HALBS, Esq., of Coventry, Mr and Mrs. WEEKSTON, of Wolston, JOB THROCKMORTON, Esq., HENRY SHARPE, bookbinder of Northampton, and the four printers.

(f) *Miscellaneous Information.*

(g) *Who were the Writers who wrote under the name of MARTIN MARPRELATE?*

9. [Rev. John Udall,

Minister at Kingston on Thames.]

A DEMONSTRATION OF DISCIPLINE. 1588.

A Demonstration of the trueth of that discipline which CHRISTE hath prescribed in his worde for the gouvernement of his Church, in all times and places, until the ende of the worlde.

Printed with the secret Martinist press, at East Molesey, near Hampton Court, in July, 1588, and secretly distributed with the *Epitome* in the following November.

For this Work, UDALL lingered to death in prison.

It is perhaps the most complete argument, in our language, for Presbyterian Puritanism, as it was then understood. Its author asserted for it, the infallibility of a Divine Logic, but two generations had not passed away, before (under the teachings of Experience) much of this Church Polity had been discarded.

24 *The English Scholar's Library.*

10. Richard Stanyhurst,
the Irish Historian.

Translation of ÆNEID I.-IV. 1582.

Thee first foyre Bookes of VIRGIL his Æneis translated intoo English heroical [i.e., hexameter] verse by RICHARD STANYHURST, wyth oother Poëtical duires theretoo annexed.

Imprinted at Leiden in Holland by IOHN PATES, Anno M D.LXXXII.

This is one of the oddest and most grotesque books in the English language, and having been printed in Flanders, the original Edition is of extreme rarity.

The present text is, by the kindness of Lord ASHBURNHAM and S. CHRISTIE-MILLER, Esq., reprinted from the only two copies known, neither of which is quite perfect.

GABRIEL HARVEY desired to be epitaphed, *The Inventor of the English Hexameter*; and STANYHURST, in imitating him, went further than any one else in maltreating English words to suit the exigencies of Classical feet.

II. *Martin Marprelate.*

THE EPISTLE. 1588.

Oh read ouer D. JOHN BRIDGES, for it is a worthy worke: Or an epitome of the fyrske Booke of that right worshipfull volume, written against the Puritanes, in the defence of the noble cleargie, by as worshipfull a prieste, JOHN BRIDGES, Presbyter, Priest or Elder, doctor of Divillitie, and Deane of Sarum.

The Epitome [p. 26] is not yet published, but it shall be, when the Byshops are at convenient leysure to view the same. In the meane tyme, let them be content with this learned Epistle.

Printed oversea, in Europe, within two furlongs of a Bounsing Priest, at the cost and charges of M. MARPRELATE, gentleman.

12. Robert Greene, M.A.

MENAPHON. 1589.

MENAPHON. CAMILLAS alarum to slumbering EUPHUES, in his melancholie Cell at Silexendra. VVherein are decippered the variable effects of Fortune, the wonders of Loue, the triumphes of inconstant Time. Displayng in sundrie conceipted passions (figured in a continuatue Historie) the Trophees that Vertue carrieth triumphant, maugre the wrath of Enuie, or the resolution of Fortune.

One of GREENE'S novels with TOM NASH'S Preface, so important in reference to the earlier HAMLET, before SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy

GREENE'S "love pamphlets" were the most popular Works of Fiction in England, up to the appearance of Sir P. SIDNEY'S *Arcadia* in 1590.

I3. George Joy,
an early Protestant Reformer

AN APOLOGY TO TINDALE. 1535.

An Apologye made by GEORGE JOYE to satisfye (if it may be) W. TINDALE: to pourge and defende himself agenst so many sclauderous lies fayned upon him in TINDAL'S uncharitable and unsobey Pystle so well worthye to be prefixed for the Reader to induce him into the understanding of hys new Testament diligently corrected and printed in the yeare of our Lorde, 1534, in Nouember [Antwerp, 27 Feb, 1535.]

This almost lost book is our only authority in respect to the surreptitious editions of the English *New Testament*, which were printed for the English market with very many errors, by Antwerp printers who knew not English, in the interval between TINDALE's first editions in 1525, and his revised Text (above referred to) in 1534.

I4. Richard Barnfield.

of Darlaston, Staffordshire

POEMS. 1594-1598.

The affectionate Shepherd. Containing the Complaint of DAPHNIS for the Loue of GANYMEDE.

In the following Work, BARNFIELD states that this is "an imitation of Virgill, in the second Eglogue of *Alexis*".

CYNTHIA. With Certaine Sonnets, and the Legend of CAS-SANDRA. 1595.

The Author thus concludes his Preface: "Thus, hoping you will bear with my rude conceit of *Cynthia* (if for no other cause, yet, for that it is the First Imitation of the verse of that excellent Poet, Maister Spencer, in his *Fayrie Queene*), I leave you to the reading of that, which I so much desire may breed your delight."

The Encomion of Lady PECUNIA: or, The Praise of Money.
1598.

Two of the Poems in this Text have been wrongly attributed to SHAKESPEARE. The disproof is given in the Introduction

I5. T[homas] C[ooper].
[Bishop of WINCHESTER]

ADMONITION TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

An admonition to the people of England VVherein are answered, not onley the slaunderous vntruethes, reprochfully vttered by MARTIN the Libeller, but also many other Crimes by some of his broode, objected generally against all Bishops, and the chiefe of the Cleargie, purposely to deface and discredit the present state of the Church. [Jan. 1589].

This is the official reply on the part of the Hierarchy, to MARTIN MAR-PRELATE's Epistle of [Nov.] 1588 - see No. 11, on p. 24.

It was published between the appearance of the Epistle and that of the Epitome.

I6. Captain John Smith,

President of Virginia, and Admiral of New England.

WORKS.—1608-1631. 2 vols. 12s. 6d.

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- (3) A Description of New England. 1616
- (4) New England's Trials. 1620 and 1622.
- (5) The History of Virginia, New England, and Bermuda.

1624

- (6) An Accidence for young Seamen. 1626
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(2) A Treatise of the new India, etc. Translated by RICHARD EDEN from SEBASTIAN MUENSTER'S *Cosmography*: and printed in 1553. *The Second English Book on America*

(3) The Decades of the New World, etc., by PIETRO MARTIRE [PETRUS MARTYR], translated by RICHARD EDEN, and printed in 1555. *The Third English Book on America*. SHAKESPEARE obtained the character of CALIBAN from this Work

A List of 837 London Publishers,

1553-1640.

This Master Key to English Bibliography for the period also gives the approximate period that each Publisher was in business.

Demy 4to, 32 pp., 10s 6d. net.

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By W. TINDALE AND W. ROY.

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In 1524 TINDALE went from London to Hamburgh, where remaining for about a year, he journeyed on to Cologne; and there, assisted by WILLIAM ROY, subsequently the author of the satire on WOLSEY, *Rede me and be nott wrothe* [see p. 19], he began this first edition in 4to, *with glosses*, of the English New Testament.

A virulent enemy of the Reformation, COCHLÆUS, at that time an exile in Cologne, learnt, through giving wine to the printer's men, that P. QUENTAL the printer had in hand a secret edition of three thousand copies of the English New Testament. In great alarm, he informed HERMAN RINCK, a Senator of the city, who moved the Senate to stop the printing, but COCHLÆUS could neither obtain a sight of the Translators, nor a sheet of the impression.

TINDALE and Roy fled with the printed sheets up the Rhine to Worms; and there completing this edition, produced also another in 8vo, *without glosses*. Both editions were probably in England by March, 1526.

Of the six thousand copies of which they together were composed, there remain but this fragment of the First commenced edition, in 4to, and of the Second Edition, in 8vo, one complete copy in the Library of the Baptist College at Bristol, and an imperfect one in that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

In the *Preface*, the original documents are given intact, in connection with

Evidence connected with the first Two Editions of the English New Testament, viz., in Quarto and Octavo—

- I. WILLIAM TINDALE's antecedent career
- II. The Printing at Cologne.
- III. The Printing at Worms.
- IV. WILLIAM ROY's connection with these Editions
- V. The landing and distribution in England
- VI. The persecution in England

Typographical and Literary Evidence connected with the present Fragment—

- I. It was printed for TINDALE by PETER QUENTAL at Cologne, before 1526
- II. It is not a portion of the separate Gospel of Matthew printed previous to that year.
- III. It is therefore certainly a fragment of the Quarto

Is the Quarto a translation of LUTHER's German Version?
Text. The prologue Inner Marginal References. Outer Marginal Glosses.

* * * For a continuation of this Story see G. Joy's *Apology* at p. 25

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